

JAMES P. WILSON

3455 b. 4



James P. Wilson.

EVANGELICAL

PSALMS, HYMNS

A N D

SPIRITUAL SONGS

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS ;

And published by a Committee of the Convention of
the Churches, believing in the

RESTITUTION OF ALL MEN

MET IN PHILADELPHIA, MAY 25, 1791.

O praise the Lord all ye nations ; praise him all ye
people.

For his merciful kindness is great towards us : as
the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the
Lord.

PSALM CXVII.

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M,DCC,XCII.



For

1 A

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Gr

3 In

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I

H Y M N S

By JAMES RELLY.

I.

Common Metre.

For it pleased, that in him should all fulness dwell.—
Col. i. 19

- 1 ALL fulness in the lamb we view ;
To look beside him, loss :
He's only holy, just and true ;
All else is dung and dross.
- 2 There dwells in him, as stain'd with blood,
Jehovah's power and name ;
Greatly, from everlasting, God,
Yea when the slaughter'd Lamb.
- 3 In him we know the holy bride
All gather'd into one ;
She looks out through his bleeding side,
With all her beauties on.
- 4 In him we see God's heav'n, our earth,
In perfect peace agree :

A

This

1215
5

[2]

This gives our one new man its birth,
And sets our nature free.

5 His purg'd humanity is ours,
And in it now we prove
A seat above the heavenly pow'rs,
Fix'd in the Father's love.

6 New heav'ns, new earth, we now possess;
Beulah, that blessed field,
Where dwells eternal righteousness;
And God's our sun and shield.

7 Here's nothing hurtful to destroy;
The holy mountain's here;
No curse, nor sin, us to annoy,
No torment, guilt, or fear.

8 Of *Jesus* we will never cease
To sing as we began;
In whom there dwells, in perfect peace,
God and his darling man.

15 OC 61

II.

Long Metre.

In his humiliation his judgment was taken away.
Acts viii. 33.

1 DEAR Lamb! thy humbled state we sing
Thy name, thy wounds and blood we praise

We own thee, infant God, our King,
And to thy throne our hearts we raise.

Dear holy child, we sing the birth
Of him conceiv'd in holiness;
Where God our maker took our earth,
Our curse and all our helplessness.

Thy first blood-shedding hath us seal'd,
In peace and covenant with God,
From fleshly filth and shame, now heal'd
By holy circumcision-blood.

Thou God of love, yet growing youth,
Subject to creature-parents thou;
Thy humble steps, eternal truth,
Make us admire, and wond'ring, bow.

Poor man, despised *Nazarene*,
With sweating brow thou earn'dst thy
bread;
Great God! thy glories were unseen,
And from the eyes of mortals hid.

Humbled in poverty and pain,
Temptation sore, contempt and scorn,
That curse of ours for to sustain,
Was the eternal Father born.

Empty'd of all, but tort'ring smart;
His honor and his judgment lost;

Deep

Deep, unknown sorrows fill'd his heart,
His soul with fierce temptations tost.

- 8 By this, the everlasting grace,
And nature-love of God appears;
By this we see the Father's face,
Where lost are all our sins and fears.

III.

Short Metre.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.
John xv. i.

- 1 JESUS, the grace reveal'd,
The great salvation shewn,
The sum of love's decrees unseal'd,
The plant of great renown.
- 2 Rais'd by the Father's grace,
The plant of his right hand,
To represent before his face,
The souls from ev'ry land.
- 3 Plant of the Father's care,
On whom his love did shine;
The branches in him hidden were,
'Till he grew to a vine.
- 4 The eternal husbandman,
To make the branches pure,
In wisdom infinite began
Our barrenness to cure.

5 He then this vine would dress,
 Whilst love his hand did urge,
 That ev'ry branch in righteousness,
 He in one vine might purge.

6 From each superfluous shoot,
 The buds of man's offence ;
 This to destroy he purg'd the root,
 And in it ev'ry branch.

7 With bruises was he dress'd,
 And nail'd up to a tree ;
 The pruning hook his soul oppress'd,
 That he might fruitful be.

8 He was not purg'd in vain,
 But did his strength recruit ;
 And when was finish'd all his pain,
 There then appear'd his fruit.

9 Distill'd from all his smart
 The holy unction ran ;
 This is the wine that cheers the heart,
 The heart of God and man.

10 With us he doth abound,
 As branches, he the stem ;
 From him our fruitfulness is found,
 And shall remain in him.

11 Hence shall our joys arise,
 And ev'ry hour improve,

A 3

Whilst

Whilst, in his smoaking sacrifice,
God hears our songs above.

IV.

Long Metre.

*Can a woman forget her suckling child, that she should
not have compassion on the son of her womb.—Isa
xlix. 15.*

- 1 LET Heav'n and earth united sing
The praises of the God of love,
Our *Husband, Saviour*, God and King,
Whose name and nature such we prove.
- 2 But *Zion*, church and bride of God,
Withdrawing from the joyful throng,
Bewails her state of widowhood,
And vents complaint instead of song.
- 3 For grief, an absent God's her plea,
In deepest sorrow thus she cries,
The Lord he hath forsaken me,
Dissolv'd are all the solemn ties.
- 4 I of my God forgotten am,
Tho' once belov'd and nam'd his bride;
My glory's turned into shame,
Where from my mis'ries may I hide?
- 5 Cease *virgin-spouse*, why should'st thou grieve
And causeless mourn in tears of blood?

Thy joy is full, only believe,
And hear what says thy husband, God.

6 Can mothers kind forgetful prove,
Of sucklings nourish'd at the breast,
Maternal bowels cease to move,
To infants when with pain oppress'd ?

7 Or can compassion leave the heart
Whilst they their smiling babes expose
To death, without b'ing kill'd with smart,
And feel again their pangs and throes ?

8 Those, worse than brutal, may forget,
Who having nature's laws withstood ;
Thro' curs'd impulse, strange, nameless great,
Imbrue their hands in infant's blood.

9 But I will ne'er forget my bride,
Says *Jesus*, God of love and truth,
Taken, when sleeping, from my side,
Then born to bear eternal youth.

10 I'll not forget my word, my oath,
I'll not forget my wounds, my blood ;
My friendship makes but one of both,
And I am still thy Saviour, God.

11 Wrote on my hands thy much lov'd name,
My *Zion*, glorious is thy state !
I see thee always without blame,
And his own body none can hate.

- 12 Thy walls before me always are ;
 Bounds to thy dwelling I have set ;
 My *Zion's* my peculiar care,
 My *Zion* I will ne'er forget. _
- 13 O happy *Zion* ! see and prove
 How groundless all thy sorrows are ;
 Live in thy husband's nature, love,
 And that shall cast out all thy fear.

V.

God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.—John iv. 16.

O Love ! what a secret to mortals thou art !
 'Tis God's deep eternity, nature and heart :
 The witnessing dove confirms this high plan,
 And likewise his word and his dealings with
 man ;

The sorrows of *Jesus*, his torment and pain,
 Has left no foundation for doubting again.

2 O love ! how mysterious and boundless art
 thou !

Thy date and thy measure unlimited flow :
 This *Jesus* reveals with evidence strong ;
 It gladdens my heart, and inspires my song
 With praise to my *Saviour*, my Lord and my
 God,

Whose love is my glory, as view'd in his
 blood.

O love! what a gath'ring of souls thou hast
made!

All into one fountain, one body, one head;
Where they were preserv'd thy own, through
the fall,

The fulness of *Jesus*, who fills all in all:
Close in her pavilion, the 'darling, the bride,
Lay hid in her husband, till born from his
side.

O love! what a bridegroom of honour and
trust!

The fulness of heaven hath married my dust;
He humbled himself to cleave to his wife,
In all her distress and her sorrows of life;
With her was he number'd amongst the un-
clean,

Nor yet could he loathe her, nor jar come
between.

O love! what a husband thy care did pro-
vide!

Descending from glory in search of thy bride;
Her substance conceiv'd, thy body was she;
Incarnate in her, and she then was in thee;
In the womb of the virgin, the twain was
made one:

Whence God, our Creator, was born a poor
man.

Common metre.

In my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself.
Job xix. 26, 27.

- 1 SEE, O my soul, with wonder see,
Array'd in flesh, thy God,
Cloath'd with my whole humanity,
And deeply drench'd in blood !
- 2 My flesh, my blood, and bone espous'd;
(O the amazing plan !)
From nature's death and darkness rous'd,
When God became a man.
- 3 My frame, once pure, was marr'd and harm'd,
Between his hands quite spoil'd ;
But now a nobler vessel form'd,
When God became a child.
- 4 At *Bethl'hem* was my purer birth,
The Virgin-mother mine,
His heav'n married to my earth,
In *Christ* the man divine.
- 5 *Emmanuel* is God with me,
In our exalted Lamb ;
In whom I'm reconcil'd and free :
All praise attend his name.
- 6 His sonship proves my sin forgiv'n,
Makes my salvation sure ;

Prepares

[II]

Prepares for me a seat in heav'n,
And keeps my joy secure.

In him accepted ; and, as him,
Receiv'd in realms above ;
In him I triumph, soar, and swim,
In everlasting love.

All my religion and my life
Art thou, my Lamb, my God ;
I'm fix'd ; from hence my future strife
Shall be to praise thy blood

VII.

Common metre.

bad fainted, unless I had believed. † Psa. xxvii. 13.

SHEW me the reason, O my God,
Why I afflicted am ;
Since thou hast wash'd me in thy blood,
And cover'd all my shame.

Why yet must rebel nature live
To fill my heart with pain ?
Why yet my *Jesus* must I grieve ?
Shall nature ne'er be slain ?

Ten thousand tears, more num'rous sighs,
Flow from this heart of mine,
In ardent pray'r, with piercing cries,
I seek redress in vain.

- 4 Whilst passing thro' baptismal fire,
My spirit frets and pines,
And, languishing with fierce desire,
Would know thy deep designs.
- 5 What ! must I lose my friends and fame,
All that's to be desir'd ?
Have vile contempt pour'd on my name,
Abhorr'd, but not admir'd ?
- 6 What ! must temptations yet prevail,
And *Satan* sift my heart ?
Whilst inbred lusts my mind assail,
And cause me grievous smart ?
- 7 Must heaven, earth, and hell unite
Against me in this war ?
How shall I bear this dreadful fight,
Or keep from foul despair ?
- 8 *Take up the cross, thyself deny,*
(O most ungrateful sound !)
Alas ! I burn, and sink, and die,
And feel the spirit's wound.
- 9 Is there no way to glorify
Thy death and honour'd name,
Except I to myself thus die,
And swim thro' floods of shame ?
- 10 What ! be deny'd my heart's desire,
My expectations crost ;

Whilst all my joys of sense expire,
My reputation lost ?

The thought of *this* distracts my heart,
'Tis worse than death or hell ;
The torment, pangs, and dreadful smart
My tongue can never tell.

Peace, O my soul ; this is the path
That leads to rest divine :
'Tis this illustrates *Jesu's* death,
And makes his goodness shine.

Now, with my Lord nail'd to his cross
I feel the untold pain ;
But, ah ! how loth to suffer loss,
Am I, tho' 'tis my gain !

O lamb ! 'tis thou dost exercise
Me with this searching flame,
And, thro' thy sufferings, wilt baptize
Me into all thy name.

Since this I know, I check my fears,
And all I am resign ;
Fly from my heart, ye anxious cares,
My lamb, I'm wholly thine.

VIII.

But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound
Rom. v. 20.

- 1 THE victory's won,
And *Satan* is down ;
We now overcome,
His kingdom disown :
The seed of the woman
Hath bruised his head,
Hath made us that new man,
Which love had decreed.
- 2 In *Adam* we lost
Our *Eden* by sin ;
But we now, thro' *Christ*,
Again are brought in :
The vail it is torn,
And paradise gain'd :
The father hath sworn ;
His promise shall stand.
- 3 Our nature's releas'd
From sin, death, and hell ;
Jehovah is pleas'd
With man for to dwell :
A fit habitation,
In spirit, for God ;
A blest, new creation,
Pronounc'd very good.

We mourn not the hour,
 That *Adam* did fall,
 When his will and pow'r
 Was forfeited all ;
 Or are we now grieved,
 His glory and crown
 Could not be retrieved
 By works of his own.

It was on this ground,
 The myst'ry of grace
 Did much more abound,
 When *Jesus* took place
 Of man the offender,
 To die as our sin ;
 And righteousness render
 Compleat and brought in.

By this was made known
 God's nature as love ;
 This we, in his son,
 Forever shall prove.
 By means of transgression,
 This grace was reveal'd :
 This is our confession,
 A truth God has seal'd.

When *Adam* was pure,
 Yet mutable he ;
 In *Jesus* more sure,
 Immutable we ;

More highly exalted
 In *Christ* the god-man,
 Ne'er to be assaulted
 By *Satan* again.

IX.

*Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and
 the weakness of God stronger than men. 1 Cor. i. 23.*

- 1 **THY** gospel, dear lamb,
 Is spirit and life,
 Deliv'ring from shame,
 The bride, thy lov'd wife;
 Once lost, yet thy blood hath
 Restor'd us again;
 God's weakness the word saith,
 Is stronger than men.
- 2 Thy mysteries seem
 Confusion to speak;
 And in man's esteem
 Thy gospel is weak;
 But mighty thro' blood, 'twill
 Deliver us when
 The weakness of God still
 Is stronger than men.
- 3 Thy instruments are
 But low in degree;

'Tis

'Tis always their care
 To glorify thee ;
 Through blood they are holy,
 Whilst none shall condemn :
 God's weakness most truly,
 Is stronger than men.

Tho' rich, thou wast poor,
 Tho' high, thou wast low
 Thou empt'edst thy store
 Salvation to shew :
 Thine infinite blood, it
 Deliver'd us then ;
 The weakness of God, it
 Was stronger than men :

All hail, thou dear man,
 The weakness of God,
 Thy torment and pain,
 Thy wounds, and thy blood,
 Declare thy salvation :
 We'll praise it again,
 The weakness of God, it
 Is stronger than men.

X.

Long Metre.

*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.—Rev.
 xiv. 13.*

WITH solemn shout we sing thy praise,
 Ancient of everlasting days !

B 3

Thou

Thou daily gather'st home thine own,
Who bear thy cross, to wear thy crown.

2 Let all rejoice, and no one grieve,
This day we meet to take our leave
Of our dear brother's precious dust,
Until the rising of the just.

3 One with the body of the lamb,
Seal'd with *Emmanuel's* new name,
A member of his flesh and bone,
By blood redeem'd, to heav'n he's gone.

4 Whilst here below, he knew the Lord,
And sanctify'd in God the word;
In him his spirit now shall dwell,
A conq'ror over death and hell.

5 See! how he treads the courts above,
The pavements of eternal love;
Wond'ring he kneels, and hails that blood,
Which reconcil'd his heart to God.

6 Hark! how he thunders *Jesu's* name,
Before the throne a burning flame:
With the united host he bows,
And no more grief nor trouble knows.

7 Then mourn not o'er the lifeless clay,
But wait the resurrection day,
When *Christ the Saviour* shall appear,
And he come with him in the air.

XI.

Short Metre.

When it pleased God to reveal his son in me, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.—Gal. i. 15, 16.

WHEN God our Father's pleas'd
For to reveal his son,
Immediately our conscience eas'd
Becomes his peaceful throne.

Consult we then no more
Our senses, flesh and blood,
But in the day of heav'nly pow'r
Commence the sons of God.

Included all in one,
We now with rapture tell,
We're in the Father's only son,
In whom he's pleas'd well :

This doth our God make known
To mortal worms below :
All other matters we disown,
This only will we know.

We leave this world behind,
With all its faith and forms,
And live in the eternal mind,
Free from all hell's alarms.

What sense suggests we leave,
With reason's doubtful plan,

And

And in the spirit's power cleave
To *Christ* the perfect man.

XII.

*be answer of a good conscience towards God, by the
resurrection of Jesus Christ.—Pet. iii. 21.*

- 1 **W**HAT beauties divine
In *Jesus* do shine !
And yet all I see, I, with boldness, call mine.
- 2 With him crucify'd,
When *Jesus* he dy'd,
My nature was purg'd, and to God purify'd.
- 3 To me it is plain
When *Jesus* was slain,
Eternal redemption he then did obtain.
- 4 From bondage and chains,
From sin and hell-pains,
Redemption of all in one man he obtains.
- 5 Baptiz'd into him,
Who did me redeem,
His person and glories are my constant theme.
- 6 For all of the lamb
I rightfully claim
To rest in his fulness of stature I aim.

The

The father makes known
 What he hath bestown Town.
 On *Christ*, and instructs me to call it my

XIII.

Long Metre.

*rise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the
 Lord is risen upon thee.—Isa. lx. 1.*

HERE shall no trouble or dismay
 Reach us, nor want, nor sin, nor shame.
 For *Christ* to-day and yesterday,
 And to eternity's the same.

Here consummate in joy and peace,
 We hail that wounded, bleeding heart,
 Where, sav'd from sin, we'll never cease
 To praise the lamb our better part.

Now all things in one period turn;
 Sin dares no more to show its head;
 No more we want, nor sigh, nor mourn,
 On ev'ry foe we conq'ring tread.

The end is come, God hath appear'd,
 Assum'd our flesh, and blood, and bone;
 The body in his love prepar'd,
 Is that where *Christ* and we are one.

O death! where's now thy sting and curse?
 Where's now thy boasted pow'r and might?
 We

We feel no more the dread remorse,
Nor can thy terrors us affright.

6 Glory to our incarnate God !

We're fav'd in him, the work is done ;
He leads us, by the *Saviour's* blood
Up to the glories of his throne.

XIV.

Short Metre.

He that spared not his own son, but delivered him up for us all; how shall he not with him freely give us all things? Rom. viii. 32.

1 THE father's holy eye

Beheld his son in blood,
With pleasure infinitely high,
Peculiar to a God.

2 Nor did (when time began)

That work pronounc'd so good,
Appear so pleasing as this man,
Adorn'd with wounds and blood.

3 This sign and token giv'n,

Sufficiently doth prove,
Without another sign from Heav'n,
That God, our father's love.

4 Here all our sin hath ceas'd ;

Our joys are here secure ;

Our

Our nature from the curse releas'd,
Thro' *Jesu's* death is pure.

5 Then was our Heav'n brought in,
And we were sav'd from guilt,
When *Christ* in character of sin,
Annihilation felt.

XV.

Common Metre.

In his humiliation his judgment was taken away.—
Acts viii. 3.

up for
us all
1 JESUS, thy beauties I explore !
Who am a helpless worm ;
Adoring now and evermore
Thy crucified form.

2 When on thy cross, my dearest Lord,
What love didst thou display !
Eternal annals shall record
The great uncommon day.

2 Down low, beneath the wrath of heav'n,
Thy troubled soul did bow ;
Humiliation deeply grav'n
Upon thy bleeding brow.

4 My God ! my God ! was then thy cry,
Why hast thou me forsook ?
Nature, replying with a sigh,
In strong convulsions shook.

5 More

- 5 More marr'd than any man's thy face,
Thy judgment's took away ;
Nor men, nor angels then could trace
Thy mystery, thy day.
- 6 Thou didst, when in the depth of hell,
An awful silence keep ;
No tongue like thine can ever tell
The horrors of the deep.
- 7 Strong pains of death encompassed thee,
And hellish pangs were felt,
That thou might'st set thy children free
From all their sin and guilt.
- 8 Tho' *Satan* once did us enslave
Now thou hast bruis'd his head ;
And in thyself didst fully save
Thy lov'd, thy royal seed.
- 9 Hence everlasting praise belongs
To thee our God and King :
Do thou but influence our songs
And we will ever sing.

XVI.

Common Metre.

Who against hope believed in hope.—Rom. iv. 18.

- 1 WHEN I behold my bleeding God,
Each mountain seems a plain ;

But

But if I e'er forget his blood,
The mountains rise again.

What means my inbred sense, so rude,
To war against my peace?
Or why should reason bold intrude
Upon a *Saviour's* grace?

What tho' my senses loudly say,
I have nor faith, nor love;
Nor am I in the living way
That leads to realms above?

What, if to increase still my grief,
It summons lust and pride,
Hardness of heart and unbelief,
And all my ills beside:

And, from the whole, would witness this,
Thou art devoid of grace:
How canst thou hope, in worlds of bliss,
To see the *Saviour's* face?

To this, the witness of my Lord
(Greater than all in me)
Replies, in his unerring word,
The *Saviour's* grace is free.

The man who works not, but believes
On him who justifies
Ungodly souls, in Christ receives
The life that never dies.

8 Our *Saviour* full atonement made,
 When for our sins he dy'd,
 And, when he left death's gloomy shade,
 Our persons justify'd.

9 Who shall condemn ? 'twas *Jesus* dy'd,
 'Twas *Jesus* rose again ;
 He with himself hath justify'd
 The sinful sons of men.

10 In hope of what in *Christ* I am,
 Rejoicing, I believe,
 Against my hopeless guilt and shame,
 And thus, by faith, I live.

XVII.

Long Metre.

We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.
 1 John iii. 2.

1 BY grace we know, to us it's clear,
 When *Christ*, our *Saviour*, shall appear,
 We shall be like him, O what bliss!
 For we shall see him as he is.

2 When as he is we him descry,
 In spirit's light and mystery ;
 Unnumber'd beauties in him shine,
 Beauties of God and man divine :

3 Beauties of holiness and grace,
 Adorn our *Saviour*'s lovely face ;

Etern

Eternal truth and righteousness
Doth he in purity possess.

When as he is we him do see,
From ev'ry spot and wrinkle free :
How glorious is the worthy Lamb !
How venerable is his name !

But, O ! what glorious grace is this !
That when we see him as his is,
We see ourselves, and are assur'd
That we are like our dearest Lord.

As we his mystic fulness are,
He gives us each a member's share
In all his grace : the favour'd bride
Is with his likeness satisfy'd.

Jesus, enough, we're as thou art !
With this great truth we ne'er will part ;
Each member here is as the head,
Each as its Lord is perfected.

But yet, as chrystals pure transmit
Their lustre whence they borrow it :
From thee, O *Christ*, we all receive ;
To thee we all the glory give.

What yet shall gloriously advance
Our joys, is thy pre-eminence ;
'Tis heav'n to see thee wear the crown,
And prostrate at thy feet fall down.

XVIII.

Long Metre.

*Precious in the fight of the Lord is the death of
saints.—Psa. cxvi. 15.*

- 1 **MOST** precious, in our Saviour's fight,
Are all his saints' unnotic'd death !
He bears them to eternal light,
When they resign their mortal breath.
- 2 Precious the soul by him redeem'd ;
From threat'ning evils snatch'd away,
Precious their dust, by him esteem'd,
He'll raise it at the latter day.
- 3 Free from this world's unnumber'd cares
From *Satan's* rage, and human spite,
From sin's distress and gloomy fears ;
How precious this in *Jesu's* fight !
- 4 From all their labours now they rest ;
Their weary souls, with joy and peace,
Lean on their faithful *Abra'm's* breast,
Where all the wicked troublers cease.
- 5 All this, and more, our brother proves ;
Now he the Son of man can see ;
He sees, he feels, he joys, he loves,
And all from intermission free.
- 6 No more, as darkly thro' a glass,
His eye-sight purg'd by *Jesu's* blood,

Now clearly sees *Immanuel's* face,
The bright unclouded face of God !

7 Whilst here below, he knew, in part,
That deep, that boundless, heav'nly theme,
The pow'r of *Jesu's* blood and smart,
Completely cleansing us in him.

8 Feeling his heart and flesh decay,
He languished beneath thine hand,
In patient longings for the day,
When he should see *Immanuel's* land

9 Now is the perfect day his own ;
No dark'ning vail remains between ;
He knows the Lord as he is known,
And sees his myst'ry as he's seen.

XIX.

Common Metre.

*If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and
your faith vain.—1 Cor. xv. 14.*

The Lord is risen indeed.—Luke xxiv. 34.

1 **OUR** glorious Lord is ris'n indeed !
Death, conquer'd, lost its prize ;
The grave surrender'd him with speed,
When he assay'd to rise.

2 In vain the foldiers watch his tomb,
When heav'nly forms appear ;

The *Roman* eagle's overcome,
The soldiers die with fear.

3 An angel's form before them stood;
His face like lightning shone;
Commission'd from the Father, God,
To roll away the stone.

4 Up rose the *Saviour* from the dead!
Down all opposers fell:
Satan in chains of triumph led,
Trampling on death and hell.

5 To banish his disciples fears,
He prov'd himself alive,
By all his wounds and bloody scars;
Then did their hearts revive.

6 With them, will we our Lord adore;
For them, and us he dy'd:
He lives, he lives, and dies no more!
Hence we are justify'd.

7 Nor is our faith, nor preaching vain;
Nor in our sins are we;
Since *Christ*, our head, is ris'n again;
And, rising, set us free.

8 Who shall condemn? lo! *Jesus* dy'd,
Yea, rather lives for us;
He with himself hath crucify'd
Our sins upon the cross.

Hail, risen *Saviour*! thee we hail,
 Who, by Almighty pow'r,
 Hast over death and hell prevail;
 We bless the glorious hour.

High on thy Father *David*'s throne,
 Forever live and reign;
 All by thine own right hand alone,
 Thy ev'ry foe be slain.

XX.

Short Metre.

*a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind
 and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water,
 in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a
 weary land..—Isa. xxxii. 2.*

O *CHRIST*! O love divine!
 How wonderful art thou!
 That heav'nly beauties in thee shine!
 What mercies from thee flow!

Lo! thou art all we need,
 To make us truly blest;
 Thy worshippers are all agreed,
 Thou art the sinner's rest.

When blows the stormy wind,
 The rage of man or hell,
 Hiding-place in thee we find,
 Shelter'd in peace we dwell.

- 4 When *Satan*, sin and law,
Do fiercely all unite;
Most fearfully on us to draw
A dark, tempestuous night.
- 5 When thunders roar aloud
Thro' the distemper'd sky;
Like lightnings from the sulph'rous cloud
When dreadful curses fly.
- 6 Despairing, guilty fears,
In fiery tempests roll,
And when the second death appears
To fright the trembling soul.
- 7 By faith in thee made bold,
We smile when tempests fall;
Thou art the Man promis'd of old,
To cover us from all.

XXI.

Short Metre.

The same.

- 1 **WHILST** we are marching thro'
This land with drought accurs'd,
Rivers of living waters flow,
In thee to quench our thirst.
- 2 This world's a weary land;
By sin, a desert made:

Is all around a burning strand ;
Has no refreshing shade.

But thou'rt our mighty Rock ;
Thy shadow very great !
Where all thy weary pilgrim-flock
Find a divine retreat.

Tho' once with sin oppress'd,
From which no part was free ;
Our grievances are now redress'd,
Dear, glorious Man, in thee.

In thee we now have found
Whate'er we lost, and more ;
We see thy grace much more abound,
Than sin had done before.

Thy praise be our employ ;
Thy glories ever shine :
All our salvation, hope, and joy,
Art thou, O Man divine !

XXII.

Long Metre. '

*We are God's building. 1 Cor. iii. 9.
Builted together for an habitation of God, through the
spirit. — Eph. ii. 22.*

WHEN elements and time will fade
(What wisest architects have made)
Mould'ring

Mould'ring to whence it came,
 God's building ever shall endure,
 In all things order'd well and sure :
Christ always is the same.

- 2 When we the inside work survey,
 What grandeur does the whole display!
 How glorious ev'ry part !
 Earth's beauties all are far too mean
 To point out what's in *Jesus* seen,
 When he attracts the heart.
- 3 Foundation, *Christ*, and head-stone too,
 The *Alpha* and *Omega* thou,
 Of this the house of God :
 A lively stone, on thee I'm built,
 And wash'd from all my dreadful guilt,
 - In thine atoning blood.

XXIII.

After preaching.

CHRIST our head's gone up on high,
 And we his body are ;
 All our sorrows we'll lay by,
 And each distracting care :
 Tho' we *Satan's* darts may feel,
 Yet he can never strike us dead :
 He may bruise us on the heel,
 But cannot reach our head.

XXIV

XXIV.

The same.

HOW charmingly sounds

The word of the Lord !

Where witness abounds,

That man is restor'd

To God, his possession,

Dear *Jesus*, in thee ;

From sin and transgression

For ever set free.

How glor'ous the name

Of *Jesus* our King !

Thou crucify'd Lamb,

Thine honors we sing :

Our hope and salvation

To world without end ;

Our nearest relation,

And faithfullest friend.

XXV .

Long metre.

The same.

WHAT blessings in the Lamb abound !

To all who know the joyful sound ;

Thy countenance, O Lord, shall shine

On them with brightness all divine.

- 2 The grievances which them oppress'd,
In *Jesus* now they see redress'd ;
This mercy we thy worms now prove,
And bless thy grace, thou God of love.
- 3 Infinite wisdom, all our days
Will we admire thy pleasant ways :
Thy paths are peace ; we'll run and ble
The Lord our life and righteousness.

XXVI.

Long Metre.

*Though I were perfect, yet would I not know my
I would despise my life.—Job. ix. 21.*

- 1 COULD I of all perfection boast,
As pure as that which *Adam* lost,
I'd sacrifice it to thy blood,
My *Christ*, my all, my only good.
- 2 Were I as *Abra'm*, strong in faith,
And boldly stedfast unto death ;
I'd bid my faithfulness adieu,
And *Jesus* only faithful view.
- 3 If I more meek than *Moses* were,
Quite free from anger, strife, or fear ;
Yet this I gladly would despise,
And *Jesu's* meekness only prize.
- 4 Were I as *Job* submissive, still
Patient, resign'd in ev'ry ill ;

Yet all should fade before his cross;
Compar'd with *Him*, it is but dross.

If I was wise as *Solomon*,
Like him with zeal and ardour shone;
Like him I'd vain and foolish see
My wisdom, zeal, yea all but *thee*.

Had I an angel's purity,
Yea even this I would deny;
Nor good confess in name or thing,
But *Christ* my Lord, my life, my king.

XXVII.

Common metre.

The same.

HOW pow'rful is the glorious word!
The unctious word of God,
Which preaches *Jesus Christ* our Lord,
His suff'rings, death and blood.

How it reveals his mystery!
Who did our souls redeem;
Explains the sacred unity,
And shouts us sav'd in him.

It shews us ev'ry law command,
Dear Lamb, fulfill'd in thee;
And bids us fast and fearless stand,
Where thou hast made us free.

D

4 Dear,

- 4 Dear, glorious Lamb, we thee adore;
 We praise thee for thy word :
 But fo 'thyself we praise thee more,
 O ! holy, holy Lord.

XXVIII.

Short metre.

The same.

- 1 BLESS'D are the eyes that see ;
 The ears are bless'd that hear
 The trumpet of the jubilee,
 The great sabbatic year.
- 2 We plough nor sow no more,
 Nor toil for living bread ;
 For we've a never-failing store,
 A table plenteous spread.
- 3 The servant now is free ;
 The hateful, heavy yoke
 (That all might taste true liberty)
 From ev'ry neck is broke.
- 4 Th' inheritance once sold,
 Which the poor bankrupt mourns,
 To the true owner without gold
 Or price, it now returns.
- 5 Q *Jesus!* ever blest,
 Thou art our jubilee ;
 Our restoration, and our rest,
 Is all, dear Lamb, in thee.

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hy name, O bleeding King !
 Shall dwell on all our tongues ;
 And ev'ry heart, inspir'd, shall sing
 Thy praise in all their songs.

Worthy the honor'd name
 Of *Jesus Christ*, our Lord ;
 He's God Almighty, and the Lamb,
 Eternally ador'd.

XXIX.

Solemn Praise.

SING the triumphs of your conq'ring
 Head and crucified King ;
 His atchievements, when he vanquish'd
 All our enemies, we'll sing :
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Glory, glory, Lord, be thine.

Long he struggled, with confused
 Noise, and garments roll'd in blood,
 'Till, destroying sin, and hell, and
 Death, he rescu'd man to God :
Hallelujah, &c.

Most triumphant, greatly glorious,
 He from death and hell arose ;
 In him all his church, victorious,
 Triumph'd o'er her dreadful foes :
Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 High ascending 'midst angelic
Songs, and sounds of trumpets loud,
In eternal triumph leading
All the captives of his blood :
Hallelujah, &c.
- 5 Far above the highest heaven
Thus he gloriously ascends,
Where the honor's to him given,
Ev'ry thought of man transcends :
Hallelujah, &c.
- 6 There, exalted, live and reign, whilst
We admire thy wounds and blood,
'Till we see thee come again, in
All the pomp and pow'r of God :
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Lord, be thine.

HYMNS

H Y M N S

BY JOHN RELLY:

XXX:

MY song shall be of him who dy'd
 Upon the mount of *Calvary*;
 His name, his blood, and nought beside
 Shall be my theme eternally.

view him in his infant form;
 Poor, helpless, in a manger laid;
 To rescue me, a worthless worm;
 Th' eternal word my flesh was made:

MNS At eight days old the *Saviour* bled;
 To purge our filth his blood was spilt;
 Thus all the members, in the head,
 Were purg'd from their parental guilt:

A man of sorrows was my Lord;
 Tempted like me in ev'ry point;

D 3

That

That he true succour might afford
To tempted souls, who else would faint,

5 Despis'd and friendless was the Lamb,
Abased to a low degree,
Refus'd by all with scorn and shame,
That he our faithful friend might be.

6 Mark how he loves his blood-bought friends
When in his greatest agony
He pleads for them, he them defends,
They're as the apple of his eye.

7 For when the multitude came on
To drag him to the cursed tree;
Whom seek ye? (says the holy one):
If me you seek, the children free.

8 When thus accepted, in our stead,
Justice the sinner did release;
And for the members smote the head,
Chastis'd him for our breach of peace.

XXXI.

Long metre.

1 **DEAR** Shepherd, see thy flock here met,
Before thy pierced feet to bow;
To praise thy wounds, thy blood and sweat
Through which eternal love did flow.

2 Thou art with us where e'er we meet;
Nor wilt thou leave us, holy Lamb;

We find a calm, a blest retreat,
Beneath the cov'ring of thy name.

Great mercies thou to us hast shewn,
Since first we knew that we were thine;
Since first thou mark'd us for thy own,
With grace and righteousness divine.

Seal'd for thine own we surely are;
Thy spirit, Lord, our witness is:
Nor can we fall from *Jesus* far,
For he is love and tenderness.

There's none can pluck us from his hand,
Inclos'd by grace on ev'ry side;
His oath, his promise firmly stand,
We ever shall with him abide!

He never will himself deny;
Nor could he die for man in vain:
How then shall God in wrath destroy,
The souls for whom the Lamb was slain?

The countless price he paid for us,
Exempts us from the iron rod:
His life, his death, his blood and cross,
Hath reconcil'd us all to God.

XXXII.

Short metre.

MY *Saviour* for me bled
Upon the cross's wood;

For

For me, the sinner me, he shed
His rich, atoning blood.

- 2 For my offences great
He dy'd a curst death ;
And wrought salvation out complete
To be enjoy'd by faith.
- 3 The wine-press he did tread,
And, thro' his bleeding side,
His spirit, in abundance, shed
On his beloved bride.
- 4 Now by his grace I know
That I am one of them,
For whom the *Saviour* dy'd below
Upon the cross's stem.

XXXIII.

Long metre.

- 1 **LET** us our hearts and voices raise,
To sound the mighty *Saviour's* praise,
And sing he dy'd, and lives again
For us the fallen sons of men.
- 2 He bare our curse, our debt he paid,
When all our woes on him were laid ;
Our midnight darkness chas'd away,
And rais'd us to eternal day.
- 3 'Tis finish'd, faith the dying God,
For man, cries all his wounds and blood :
Salvation

salvation finish'd was for us,
In Jesus, bleeding on the cross.

He, fainting, felt death's rude divorce,
 To put his testament in force;
 Wherein to man he did bequeath
 The labours of his life and death.

Quickly he breaks death's feeble chain,
 And to his throne ascends again;
 There sits adorn'd with wounds and blood,
 And calls us wand'ers home to God.

Let all the sons of *Sion* sing
 Unwearied praise to *Christ* their King.
 He is our *Saviour*, God, and we
 Will sound his name eternally.

XXXIV.

Common metre.

'TIS not of him that weeps and prays;
 The gift of God is free;
 'Tis *Jesus's* pray'r, his groans and cries,
 That shall accepted be.

'Tis in the Lamb's abasement low,
 We are receiv'd of God:
 Lo! nothing is there good, we know,
 But *Jesus* and his blood.

'Tis through his death, and off'ring up
 On the accursed wood, That

That we are privileg'd to sup
With him, our Lord and God.

- 4 'Tis through the resurrection pow'r
We live the life of faith :
In his dear body we are more,
Than conqu'rors over death.
- 5 When he ascended up on high;
Lo ! we ascended then ;
He captive led captivity,
Receiving gifts for men.
- 6 Yea, for rebellious men he su'd,
That God with them might dwell ;
And when his wounded form he shew'd,
The spirit on them fell.
- 7 All praise to him our God, our friend,
Who finished all for us :
We bless the love which hath no end,
Revealed on the cross.

XXXV.

Long metre.

- 1 **W**HEN first I knew my Lord, my God,
'Twas in his deep humility,
His garments roll'd in his own blood ;
With eyes of love he look'd on me.
- 2 Lo ! then my fainting heart reviv'd,
When I beheld the *Saviour* smile ;

'Tw

'Twas then in *Jesus* I believ'd,
And felt the glory of his toil.

I nothing had, when my dear Lamb
Did shew me all my sins forgiv'n;
I nothing had but filth and shame,
When first I saw my name in heav'n.

Love, bleeding love, first found out me,
And led me by a way unsought;
Love drew me to the bloody tree,
And pointed out my pardon bought;

Bought with the *Saviour's* pains and blood:
Amazing love! what tongue can tell
The glory which I saw in God,
When at his footstool first I fell?

Nor angels may declare the bliss
My soul receiv'd, when first I found,
In *Christ*, my strength and righteousness
Exhibited through ev'ry wound.

His promise is, He will remain
My dear, my everlasting friend;
He seal'd me this by unknown pain;
Loves, and will love me to the end.

Then praise, my soul, thy bleeding King,
Who gives thee all his heart to prove
His matchless grace: forever sing,
The wonders of redeeming love.

Common Metre.

- 1 **HOW** rich the love ! my Lord, my Go
 For me, a worm hath dy'd ;
 For me he shed his living blood ;
 I know no God beside
- 2 The source of all my happiness
 Is his eternal name ;
 Nor is there ought but dung and dross
 Besides my dearest lamb.
- 3 All things shall perish but the word,
 He stands forever sure ;
Jesus forever is the Lord,
 Let ev'ry pow'r adore.
- 4 This word made flesh in *Bethl'hem* seen,
 Incarnate was in me ;
 In me and all the sons of men,
 That he our head might be.
- 5 Then up unto our head we look,
 And bless that glorious grace,
 Which shews us God's eternal book
 Unseal'd in *Jesu's* face.

XXXVII.

- 1 **TRUEST** lover of thy people,
 Nought can turn thy heart from me ;

thy death thy poor disciple
 Still obtains true liberty,
 y Go my blest word, and kind behaviour,
 Death and torments, wounds and blood,
 All assures me, O my *Saviour*,
 That thou art my Lord, my God.

From thee I can never wander
 Fatally, but shall abide
 At that bleeding fountain yonder,
 Shelter'd in thy pierc'd side:
 Here my *Jesus* freely gives me
 All the glory he's receiv'd;
 As he dy'd, so now he lives me;
 This is heav'n, once believ'd.

seen, XXXVIII.

COME ye lovers of the Lamb,
 Praise the great Almighty name;
 To your God your songs begin,
 To the Lamb your bleeding king.

Jesus, thee we honors give;
 Live, Almighty *Jesus*, live;
 Thou hast penn'd our songs with blood,
 Thee we hail, incarnate God.

We were laden once with sin,
 But the Lamb hath made us clean;

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We

We, who once in darkness lay,
Now behold eternal day.

4 Strangers once and far from God,
Now brought home by *Jesu's* blood,
Shining in our wedding dress,
In the Lord, our righteousness.

5 Poor, and low, we once did lie,
Full of wants, and sore oppress'd ;
Jesus now hath rais'd us high,
All our grievances redress'd.

6 Deeply sinking once in hell,
Without hope, and without God ;
Now our tongues can greatly tell,
We are sav'd by *Jesu's* blood.

7 Freely we are sav'd by grace,
Heart and hand we this embrace ;
This below fills ev'ry tongue
This above is all the song.

8 Praises still to *Christ* we sing,
Christ our prophet, priest, and king ;
Th' living waters in us flow,
Glory is begun below.

H Y M N S

By J. M.

XXXIX.

COME, though we can truly sing,
our flesh dwells no good thing;
on him who gives us all,
we're embolden'd still to call.

And and foolish once were we,
Christ our wisdom now we see;
this wisdom we confide,
this we are justified.

Once in breaking God's command,
brought to death beneath his hand;
now we're call'd to own, and bless,
Jesus Christ our righteousness.

Without purity of heart
truth divine will say depart,

But this holiness we find,
In the Saviour of mankind.

- 5 Many, mighty are our foes !
Human these, Angelic those,
Where for refuge shall we flee ?
Christ our great redemption see !
- 6 Seraphs, flames of sacred fire,
View this mystery with desire ;
Hark ! the bright enraptur'd throng
Catch, and raise the grateful song.
- 7 O ye thrones of heavenly light,
Since you're sav'd from endless night,
And since we are rais'd to you,
Let us still the song pursue.

XL.

- 1 **W**HEN God would prove his love,
To all the ruin'd race,
Descending from above,
As full of truth and grace,
He join'd our nature to his own,
And sav'd us in himself alone.
- 2 The work he well perform'd
In love, he came to do,
The powers of hell he storm'd,
And drove the infernal crew ;

O'er death itself victorious rose,
Triumphing over all our foes.

3 Hail! dear almighty King!
We praise thee for thy grace,
Thy victories we sing
Thou prince of life and peace;
To thee eternal praise is due,
Who by thyself mad'st all things new.

XLI.

1 FATHER behold us here,
According to thy word;
To worship without fear,
Our dear redeeming Lord;
O may thy light and truth now shine,
To warm each heart with love divine.

2 Drawn, wholly drawn by thee,
To Jesus we are come;
And by thy teaching we
Perceive our work is done;
Through which a title we obtain
As kings and priests with thee to reign.

3 We bless thee, God of peace,
For life and glory given,
To us and all the race
Call'd up from earth to heaven;

Hasten, great God, the day of love,
When ev'ry soul this grace shall prove.

XLII.

Common Metre.

- 1 MY God, since I can call thee mine,
And mine thou surely art;
Why should I ever once repine,
In language or in heart.
- 2 Alas! the cause is clearly seen,
From whence these murm'ring rise;
My parents fold me under sin,
How deep the evil lies!
- 3 Within my members there's a law
That wars against my mind,
Which strives my spirit still to draw
From thee, the good and kind.
- 4 With buffeting my soul is sore,
But this is Satan's part;
The thorn within the flesh still more,
Inflicts the poignant smart.
- 5 Great God attend thy suppliant's pray'r,
Whilst I for succour call!
And pour into thy servant's ear,
The words thou spak'st to Paul.

Then in thy grace secure I'll rest,
 'Twill be sufficient found;
 Till caught from earth to heav'n I'm blest,
 With life and glory crown'd.

XLIII.

Common Metre.

HARK! 'tis the Saviour of mankind

Speaks to his chosen few;

'Tis he who leads the wand'ring blind,

In ways they could not know.

'Tis he who says, go forth my friends,

"Proclaim my truth to all;

"Inform each soul my grace extends,

"As wide as Adam's fall.

"Tell sinners of the deepest dye,

"That they might life obtain,

"I chose the curst death to die,

"And taste infernal pain!

"What though my ransom'd may refuse,

"The message to receive;

"And you the messengers abuse,

"Yet still I came to save.

"Yea, should the tempter still prevail,

"To blind my people's eyes;

"In my great day I'll rend the vail,

"From all beneath the skies.

6 " Then ev'ry eye shall see the grace,
 " You now in faith declare;
 " And I myself from ev'ry face,
 " Will wipe off ev'ry tear."

7 Lord, we believe thy sacred word,
 And wait the glorious day,
 When ev'ry soul by grace restor'd,
 Shall walk in wisdom's way.

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H Y M N S

BY SILAS BALLOU.

XLIV.

Long Metre.

Gen. iii. 14, 15.

GOD, in pronouncing of the curse
Upon the subtle serpent's head,
Made a fair promise unto us,
Of our redemption from the dead.

Here is a promise sure indeed,
Which our eternal Father made;
For he declar'd the woman's seed
Should bruise the cursed serpent's head.

This seed is God's immortal Son,
In whom his promises were made,
And he this noble work hath done,
And rais'd the nations from the dead.

- 6 Here is the Father's first display
Of our salvation from the dead,
And of the glorious gospel day,
Which breaks the vicious serpent's head.

XLV.

Long Metre.

God's promise to Abraham repeated unto Isaac, and
again unto Jacob. Gen. xii. 3. Gen. xxii. 18.
Gen. xxvi. 4. Gen. xxviii. 14.

- 1 BEHOLD to what a vast extense,
The promise of salvation runs;
Made firm in *Christ*, a sure defence,
For *Adam* and his num'rous sons.
- 2 How oft did God, by *Gabriel's* tongue,
Repeat the promise of his grace,
Life and salvation sure and strong,
Built matchless round the human race.
- 3 Thus God to *Abram* first exprest'd,
And by a sacred oath replies,
"In thee shall all the earth be blest'd,
"With all her num'rous families."
- 4 *Isaac*, and in thy seed shall all
The nations which are flesh and blood,
Be blest for *Abram's* sake they shall
For *Abram's* sake, a type of God."

5 Thus God's immortal tongue replies,
 " *Jacob*, in thee and in thy seed,
 " Shall all the human families,
 " Of the whole earth be blest'd indeed."

6 This promis'd seed is *Christ* the Lord,
 Who left the realms of high renown;
 Fulfill'd his heav'nly Father's word,
 And brought immortal blessings down.

XLVI.

Long Metre.

The eternal and immortal love of Christ to the church.
 Isa. xlix. 15, 16.

1 HIGH on a throne, forever crown'd,
Jesus our constant lover reigns;
 His love extends the globe around,
 And everlastingly remains.

2 The raging seas may cease to roar;
 The earth and skies they may remove;
 The sun may set, and rise no more;
 But *Christ* can never cease to love!

3 A mother may forsake her child,
 Forget the babe and prove unkind;
 But we can never be exil'd
 From *Christ*, our lover's tender mind.

4 Fair, on the palms of both his hands,
 Our glorious image shall be found

'Graven

'Graven, where sure salvation stands ;
Where matchless walls are built around.

- 5 Nothing shall cause his hand to break
His promises, or sacred vows ;
Nor cause this lover to forsake
His infinite beloved spouse.

XLVII.

Long Metre.

The office of Christ foretold. Isa. lxi. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 THE Spirit of the mighty Lord,
Saith the Redeemer, is on me,
And I am come to preach the word
Of everlasting liberty.
- 2 I come to minister to thee,
Anointed by the Holy Ghost ;
My Father he commission'd me
To seek and save that which was lost.
- 3 I came to take my people's part,
And break the bonds of slavery,
And bind up ev'ry broken heart,
And give the nations liberty :
- 4 And open all the prison doors,
And free the captives which are bound
Put heav'nly balsam to their sores,
And cleanse and heal up ev'ry wound.

As they might all be called trees
 Of righteousness, on ev'ry side,
 That th' God of heav'n and earth and seas,
 Might be forever glorified.

XLVIII.

Short Metre.

the birth of Christ. Luke ii. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13,
 13, 14.

SHALL mortal tongues be dumb
 While blessings crown the morn?
 The Virgin's hour is fully come,
Jesus our God is born.

In what immortal strains,
 Did angels sing aloud;
 Thousands descended down the plains,
 And *Gabriel* led the croud.

O! shall I hold my breath:
 Shall silence bind my tongue,
 If angel's sang the Saviour's birth,
 And *Gabriel* tun'd the song?

The shepherds greatly fear'd
 At this amazing sight;
 The glory of the Lord appear'd
 In beams of heav'nly light.

- 5 The shepherds heard a voice,
 " Fear not, I bring this day
 " Tidings of universal joys,
 " That never shall decay :
- 6 " For unto you, this morn,"
 Said *Gabriel's* peaceful tongue,
 " A Saviour, *Christ* the Lord is born,
 " Eternal, sure and strong.
- 7 " And this a sign shall be
 " To you," the angel said,
 " Go, seek the child, and you shall see
 " Him in a manger laid."
- 8 And soon with *Gabriel* were
 A grand angelic throng ;
 Bright cherubs join'd in music there,
 And seraphs join'd the song.
- 9 Glory to God, and then
 Peace upon earth, they sung ;
 Salvation and good will to men,
 Echo'd from ev'ry tongue.

Long Metre.

Christ the bread of life. John vi. 33, 35, 50, 51.

I am the bread of life," he said,
 "And he that makes my name his trust,
 Shall hunger not for want of bread,
 Nor feel the pains of scorching thirst."

From God's eternal boundless store,
 This bread of life and pleasures came,
 Freely bestow'd upon the poor;
 They never die who eat the same,

I am the bread, the living bread,
 "Which God my heavenly Father gives;
 And he that eats, tho' he be dead,
 His soul revives again and lives.

His flesh by faith is meat divine,
 It feeds the soul, but never cloy;
 His blood is like reviving wine,
 Which all the parching thirst destroys.

Man's redemption, according to the scriptures.

- 1 THE Son for us was bound,
And to complete the plan.
At the appointed time was found
In fashion as a man.
- 2 And of a woman made,
Under the law he came,
For to redeem those that were said
To be beneath the same.
- 3 In order to fulfil
The work which he design'd,
And his eternal Father's will,
His soul to death resign'd.
- 4 Awake my lawful sword,
Strict justice gave command,
And smite my fellow saith the Lord,
The man of my right hand.
- 5 It pleas'd the mighty God
To bruise his righteous Son;
To sacrifice his vital blood
For follies we had done.
- 6 The expiating Lamb
Did for the sinner stand;

On him the law laid all its claim ;
He paid its full demand.

He paid all lawful claims,
For he was Head of all ;
He answer'd for the num'rous names
Condem'd in *Adam's* fall.

"'Tis finish'd," he reply'd,
When he the work had done ;
He bow'd his head to death and dy'd,
And darkness veil'd the sun.

10 Thus he fulfill'd the plan
Which he engaged in ;
He tasted death for ev'ry man,
Aton'd for ev'ry sin.

11 When *Jesus* bow'd his head
To darkness death and woes,
Then all the human race were dead,
And all in him arose :

12 For by one man's offence,
All were condemn'd and dy'd ;
So by one man's obedience,
All men were justify'd.

13 *Jesus* was rais'd to reign
At the right hand of pow'r ;
To never taste of death again,
And we can die no more.

14 The Father by his *Christ*,
 Gave unto every one
 Eternal life. which is compris'd
 In his eternal son.

15 If *Jesus* stands secure,
 The total sum is thus :
 We are as safe as he is sure,
 For he's the life of us.

LI.

Long Metre.

1 Pet. ii. 6. Matt. xvi. 18.

- 1 *CHRIST* is the corner and the head,
 The chief and sure foundation stone,
 Which God himself in Sion laid,
 To build his house or church upon.
- 2 *Christ* builds his church firm on the rock,
 And he's the rock that will endure ;
 If hell should rage, and earth should shod
 The rock is safe, the church secure.
- 3 This sure foundation cannot fail ;
 Satan cannot this church devour ;
 Nor hell against his church prevail,
 For her defence is matchless pow'r.
- 4 What reason have the souls to fear,
 Who view their standing so secure,

Fro

From ev'ry harm and danger clear;
Firm on the rock of ages sure.

Tho' rain descends and winds they blow,
And billows raise and beat around;
This church they ne'er can overthrow,
Nor start the rock or solid ground.

Such views as these revive my heart,
And stay the wand'ring of desire;
Make all my slavish fears depart,
And ev'ry doubtful thought expire.

LII.

Long Metre.

at Christ hath done is the Foundation for our Faith

THE only cure for slavish grief,
Is faith in God's eternal son:
The only ground for our belief,
Is what the mighty God has done.

If he hath not redeemed all;
Then those for whom he did not die,
If they believe on him at all,
They surely will believe a lie.

If there be some he never freed,
And they indeed believe the same,
Then they believe the truth indeed,
And now wherein are they blame.

- 4 If *Jesus* dy'd but for a part;
 If those for whom he spilt his blood
 Believe the same with all their heart,
 Their faith is solid, true and good.
- 5 If God did reprobate a part,
 I boldly testify to you,
 If they believe it in their heart,
 Their faith is good, because tis true.
- 6 If this be true, I ask of you,
 And for an answer here I wait;
 Which party hath the truest faith :
 The chosen or the reprobate ?

LIII.

Common Metre.

Rom. xv. 10, 11.

ARISE and laud the reigning lamb,
 Now all ye earth around ;
 And bless the glorious, great I AM,
 With a rejoicing sound.

- 2 Lift up your songs to him that reigns
 In glory and with might ;
 Beyond the fair angelic plains,
 High on a mount of light.
- 3 Let all the earth adore his name,
 And all conspire to crown

the sov'reign king, the reigning lamb,
The God of high renown.

The nations all commend his love,
That dwell on earth beneath ;
While angels tune their notes above,
And saints their odours breathe.

While they with pleasure raise their songs,
And magnify his name ;
Let us employ our feeble tongues
To imitate the same.

Altho' we dwell in tents of clay,
The day it rolls along ;
When we shall soar as high as they,
And sing as sweet a song.

LIV.

Short Metre.

Matth. xviii. 20.

SHALL we pine away,
And languish now with fear :
Because there is but few to-day
That's met together here ?

Let us be not afraid,
Altho' we are but few,
For *Jesus* hath a promise made,
Who faithful is, and true.

Where

Where two or three are met,
 In mine eternal name,
 There doth my sacred spirit sit,
 There in the midst I am.

- 4 For if we meet in love
 To serve the living Lord,
 We have the pure assisting Dove,
 According to his word.

LV.

Long Metre.

1 Theff. iv. 8. Luke x. 16.

- 1 **BOLD** is the man, who dares to curse
 One soul, here on this earthly ball,
 Since *Jesus* dy'd and rose for us,
 In whom God justify'd us all.

- 2 He that condemns one soul on earth,
 He doth condemn the Lord's elect;
 He doth condemn himself to death,
 And doth the son of God reject.

- 3 Since *Jesus Christ* contains the whole,
 In whom all nations are one;
 He that condemns one single soul;
 Condemn *Jehovah's* righteous son

- 4 The man that doth one soul despise,
 Rejecteth God, and *Christ* his lamb;

The

The Lord afresh he crucifies,
And puts him to an open shame.

Christ is our head, we join to him,
In such a perfect unity,
That if we harm the smallest limb,
We do the whole an injury.

With *Christ* we all were crucify'd,
With *Jesus Christ* we rose again,
And in him we are justify'd,
And with him we shall live and reign.

LVI.

Long Metre.

The Union of Christ and his Church. 1 Cor. xi. 3.
Cor. xii. 12.

CHRIST and his Church so closely join,
There can be no separation made :
In matchless union they combine,
Firm as a body joins an head.

If there was separation made,
In truth I boldly testify,
To part the body from the head,
The head and body both must die.

To part one member from the head,
Then *Christ* imperfect would be found ;
The

The sep'rate member, lost and dead,
And *Christ* must bear the loss and woe

- 4 *Christ* is the head of ev'ry one,
To whom his members fitly join ;
Not all the pow'rs beneath the sun,
Can break a union so divine.
- 5 Therefore this union is secure,
As long as *Jesus* stands complete ;
To endless ages he'll endure,
A perfect man from head to feet.

LVII.

Common Metre.

The Fruits and Benefit of Faith.

- 1 FAITH is a grace of God, design'd
To manifest our peace ;
T'is faith that frees the slavish mind,
And gives the conscience ease.
- 2 This faith it always works by love ;
And purifies the heart ;
It bids our slavish fears remove,
And they in haste depart.
- 3 The fruit of faith is perfect love,
And love it casteth out
Tormenting fears, and they remove,
With each expiring doubt.

This faith it doth the heart defend
 From fears that would abound ;
 It shews salvation doth extend
 The spacious earth around.

It shews that God respecteth none,
 And we can merit nought ;
 It shews that *Jesus Christ* alone
 Hath our salvation wrought.

LVIII.

Common Metre.

I Thess. v. 9.

NOT unto wrath did God ordain
 The soul of any one ;
 Not unto wrath, but to obtain
 Salvation through his son.

If this is what he first design'd,
 He still designs the plan ;
 For nothing ever chang'd his mind,
 And there is nothing can.

If he's a God that changes not,
 Then we are all secure ;
 None can change his ancient thought,
 We have salvation sure.

The Father chose us in his Son,
 To an eternal rest ;

G

And

And wrote the names of ev'ry one
On his immortal breast.

5 If God appointed us to have
Salvation in his Son ;
As sure as he had power to save,
So sure the work is done.

6 Rejoice ye nations of the earth,
Eternal life is ours ;
In spite of hell, or grave, or death,
And all infernal pow'rs.

LIX.

Common metre.

Eph. ii. 9.

1 **D**ID not salvation stand by grace,
Of what a raging boast
Would rise among the human race,
In which had done the most.

2 Each calls himself the most complete,
Most holy and the best,
And fight like heroes for the feat
That gave the sweetest rest.

3 And thus the strongest man would get
The best and noblest feat ;
And all the feeble souls must sit
Beneath the noble's feet.

Supposing this to be the case,
 Debates would never cease,
 And heav'n would be a jangling place,
 And not a place of peace.

But O! by grace salvation stands
 Through God the Holy Ghost;
 And not by works of mortal hands,
 Lest any man should boast.

LX.

Short Metre.

Christ our High-Priest entered in the holiest of all.—
Heb. ix. 12—24.

NATIONS, unite your songs,
 Conspire in praise to crown
Jesus the priest, to whom belongs
 All glory and renown.

While we were dead in sin,
 He left his Father's throne;
 Being to us so near akin,
 His blood could well atone.

He came to our relief;
 He rais'd us up from woe;
 Snag'd the swelling seas of grief,
 And laid the mountains low.

- 4 He bruis'd the serpent's head,
 Defeated all his plan;
 Made null his base agreement, made
 With ev'ry mortal man.
- 5 He wash'd us in his blood
 'Till we were purify'd:
 Then he ascended to his God,
 There to present his bride.
- 6 All nations of the globe
 Stand in a perfect dress,
 Before the Father in the robe
 Of *Christ's* own righteousness.

LXI.

Long metre.

*For the meditation of those who say, "If they believe
 that God would save all men, they would go on to
 do all the evil they could."*

- 1 TO you that make a shameful brawl,
 Saying, "If I believed so,
 "That *Jesus Christ* would save us all,
 "My feet should swift to evil go."
- 2 Does faith entice a man to sin?
 Does love create an evil mind?
 Does purity make him unclean,
 Or charity make him unkind?

It never did, nor never shall,
 For well I know it never can,
 And you may read the scriptures all,
 And ev'ry page denies the plan.

'Tis faith that makes him cease from sin;
 'Tis love that makes a quiet mind;
 'Tis purity that makes him clean,
 And charity that makes him kind.

And he that doth true faith possess,
 All these his heart doth entertain:
 Therefore thy words are foolishness,
 And all such arguments are vain.

LXII.

Common metre.

Another.

OH! shall we treat the *Saviour* thus?
 Shall we run on in vice,
 Because he hath redeemed us
 From death to Paradise?

He lov'd our souls so dearly well,
 He freely bore the curse,
 And travel'd through the lowest hell,
 And spilt his soul for us.

And shall we thus unthankful prove?
 Shall we put him to shame?

C 2

Shall

Shall we despise his wond'rous love,
And trample on his name?

4 His vital streams of precious blood
Did for our sins atone;
The wine-press of the wrath of God
He trod for us alone.

5 Shall we blaspheme his name for this?
Shall we the Lord disown,
And mock at all his kindnesses,
And tender mercies shown?

6 Are these the fruits of true belief
In God's eternal Son,
That curse the arm that gives relief,
And mock at all he's done?

LXIII.

Long Metre.

Mat. xix. 26—John vi. 4.

1 **HOW** can a man, bound fast in chains
Of gloomy darkness, fear and pains,
Break out and come unto the light,
When over-match'd by *Satan's* might?

2 None but the arm of sov'reign grace,
Or beamings of the gospel rays;
Or virtue of the gospel day,
Can take the gloomy vail away.

Soon as the light shines in our hearts,
 The chains are broke, the vail departs;
 There's nothing else that can expel
 The darkness and the troops of hell.

No man comes to the Son of God
 To know the merits of his blood,
 But what the Father, pure and strong,
 Unvails their hearts, and draws along.

'Tis by the pure immortal Dove
 Of heav'ly light and matchless love;
 The flames of love and heav'nly light
 Consumes all darkness, wrath and spite.

LXIV.

Common Metre.

the vanity of men, undertaking to make proselytes.—
 Mat. xxiii. 15. Luke xi. 39. 1 Cor. iii. 15.

SEE the proud Pharisees conspire
 With zeal and selfish might;
 See how they labour, sweat and tire
 To make a proselyte:

When they pronounce him finish'd well,
 Each part completely fair;
 He's twice as much the child of hell
 As his converters are:

They wash the outside white and clean;
 But never cleanse the heart,

Nor

Nor yield him peace, nor love within,
For that's beyond their art.

- 4 They shut the kingdom up, alas !
Against the race of man ;
They suffer not themselves to pass,
And hinder all they can.
- 5 Woe to ye ! base, dissembling train ;
To ev'ry whited wall ;
For God will prove your projects vain,
And disannul them all.
- 6 They shall be try'd by heav'nly fire,
And ye must suffer loss ;
Yourself be sav'd, your works expire,
And ye be cleans'd from dross.

LXV.

Long Metre.

We are comely, through the comeliness of Christ.

- 1 **GOD** is a spirit, just and wise,
Unchanging love, for ever true ;
Jesus is comely in his eyes,
And we in him are comely too.
- 2 God views our souls completely fair
In *Jesus*, his all-righteous son,
As he is holy, so we are,
But not by works which we have done.

Nothing could please the righteous God,
But what was done by *Christ*, his Lamb;
No off'ring but his precious blood,
Could take away our guilt and shame.

The Father, God, accepteth none,
But the just deeds his *Christ* hath done;
No off'ring could for sins atone,
But the one off'ring of his Son.

When *Jesus* bow'd his lovely head,
He for the sons of *Adam* dy'd;
And when he rose up from the dead,
All souls in him were justify'd.

LXVI.

Isa. lii. 7.—Gen. xlix. 10.—John viii. 56.—
Lev. xxv. 9. &c.

How beautiful those,
With feet and with shoes,
Who bring us glad tidings
Of endless repose.

2 How beautiful these,
On mountains of ease,
Promulgating tidings
Of infinite peace.

3 How fair are their feet;
Their tidings how sweet;

Salvation

Salvation through *Jefus*,
A Saviour complete.

4 The Patriarchs, they
By faith did survey
The coming of *Shiloh*,
And long'd for the day.

5 The monarchs and soers,
They saw the glad years ;
They spake of the Jubilee,
And now it appears.

6 Through *Christ*, we proclaim
Salvation and fame
From death and damnation,
Hell, sorrow, and shame.

7 *Christ Jefus*, is our
Safe rock, and strong tow'r,
In spite of the Devil,
And all hellish pow'r.

8 Their tidings accord,
Who bring the glad word ;
Beseeching the nations
To trust in the Lord.

9 Now these are the train
Whom God did ordain
To publish the Gospel
Of him that was slain.

10 They preach him once slain,
And risen again,
For justification
Of *Adam's* whole train.

11 They boldly proclaim
Through *Jesus*, the Lamb,
Eternal redemption,
And no other name.

LXVII.

Long Metre.

*absurdity in calling all men to come to Christ, if he
hath not given himself a ransom for all, &c.*

AS well the sons of *Adam* may
Deny a universal fall,
And lie no worse, than if they say,
“*Christ* dy'd for part, and not for all.”

The chief or all will testify,
That we were all in *Adam* slain,
And yet there's thousands that deny,
That *Christ* restor'd the loss again.

They say he never dy'd for all,
He dy'd for part, and not for some;
And yet with lifted hands they call,
Saying, “Come all to *Jesus*, come.”

If *Jesus* died not for some,
How vain and how absurd it is

To cry, "Come all to *Jesus*, come,"
If there be some that's none of his.

- 5 This is a base ignoble scheme!
A piece of grand absurdity,
And he that dwells upon the theme,
His mouth is fill'd with mockery.
- 6 How false and stupid is their plan,
Since *Christ* was crucify'd and slain,
And tasted death for ev'ry man,
And ransom'd the whole earth again.

LXVIII.

Common Metre.

God's *omnipotence*, and man's *infirmity*, &c.

- 1 THE God that walks the starry hills,
And travels o'er the seas;
Rules the creation as he wills,
And all his ways are peace.
- 2 He arch'd the skies, and form'd the land
And seas, and ev'ry thing
Are held up, by the sov'reign hands
Of the Almighty King.
- 3 When the eternal Sov'reign speaks,
The mountains they are hurl'd;
The flinty rocks his thunder breaks,
And shakes the spacious world.

The earth is as a grain of sand;
 So are the swelling seas;
 Held in the hollow of his hand,
 He rules them as he please.

'Twas he that spread the heav'ns abroad;
 He metes them with a span;
 He is the Omnipotent God,
 Then where's the pow'r of man?

Man can't create one living thing,
 Nor form one vital breath;
 The dead to life he cannot bring,
 Nor save himself from death.

Yet some they vainly talk and tell
 How they must strive and run,
 Or else they can't escape from hell
 By all that *Christ* has done.

Thus they deny the Lord, that bought
 Them with his vital blood;
 Thus they by antichrist are taught,
 But cannot change our God.

LXIX.

Advice to youth, &c.

1 **W**HILE in your blooming days,
 Brave youth, active and fair;
 Forsake your evil ways,
 And walk no longer there;

H

But

But serve the Lord
With sweet accord,
And trust in his
Eternal word.

2 Oh ! leave your vain delights,
Come leave your base employs,
For *Jesus* now invites
You, with a charming voice ;
“ O come,” (says he)
“ Come, taste and see
“ How fair and sweet
“ My favours be.”

3 I have a strong desire
To see the rising youth,
From evil ways retire,
And learn the ways of truth :
Unfold thy rays
Sweet God of grace,
Teach them to walk
In wisdom's ways.

4 Throughout this earth around
Great God inspire their tongues ;
I long to hear the sound
Of universal songs ;
By ev'ry tongue
Both old and young,
I long to hear
Hosannas sung.

LXX.

Long Metre.

*believing a truth does not create a truth, nor make
a truth any truer.*

If there was not a *Christ* for me
Till I believ'd in such a name,
Then my belief must surely be
The sole creator of the Lamb.

But if there was a *Christ* for me,
Ere I believ'd in such a name,
Then faith creates him not, I see,
But gives me knowledge of the same.

If faith creates the great I AM,
What if we cast our faith away,
Must annihilate the Lamb,
That holds up heav'n, and earth, and seas.

If *Christ* pays not a ransom dear,
Till the believing of his bride,
Then our belief must be the spear,
And often pierce his tender side.

But if he paid a ransom dear,
Ere our believing minutes came,
Then unbelief must be the spear,
And faith gives knowledge of the same.

If *Christ* pays not a ransom dear,
Till we by faith the same percieve,

LX

Then he must die and suffer here,
As oft as diff'rent men believe.

- 7 If there was not a *Christ* for you,
Oh! man, 'till your believing hour,
Then your belief hath made that true,
Which was untrue, or false before.

LXXI.

Long Metre.

*The soul calling on itself to behold the mercy of God, and
the love of Christ in suffering for sins, &c.*

- 1 **ARISE** my soul, sing and proclaim,
The wond'rous mercies of thy God;
Thy sure salvation through the Lamb,
Thine endless ransom through his blood.
- 2 My heart awake, my tongue prepare,
And all my faculties agree;
Arise my soul, sing and declare
The wond'rous love he bears to thee
- 3 Lift up thine eyes, my soul, and see
His dying groans, his bleeding veins,
His active limbs nail'd to the tree;
His bloody sweat and awful pains.
- 4 Now let my soul take a survey,
How he pour'd out his vital blood,
And wash'd thy filthy guilt away,
And sunk the hills beneath the flood.

He wash'd away thy filthy stain ;
 He bore thy sins, my soul, for thee ;
 He dy'd and rose, and rais'd again
 Thy fallen state of misery.

Now he has rais'd my soul again
 From the dark regions of the dead ;
 From bondage, darkness, fear and pain,
 And treach'rous snares which Satan laid.

Not I alone, for yet I see
 In *Christ* our head, the glorious Lamb,
 Our Father's whole posterity,
 Blest with the blessing that I am.

Blest with redemption, strong and sure,
 Tho' 'tis to many yet unknown ;
 Yet there they stand firm and secure,
 Firm as our heav'nly Father's throne.

LXXII.

Common Metre,
 Job xxxv. 7, 8.

GOOD works that have their proper place,
 Are not to be despis'd ;
 But works that stand instead of grace,
 Oppose the blood of *Christ*.

Our goodness can't extend to God,
 Who can we profit then ?

Why we may do his creatures good,
Or help the sons of men.

- 3 Herein we may the Lord adore
In works of righteousness;
Visit the sick, relieve the poor,
And feed the fatherless.
- 4 Let not our feet attempt to go,
And charge the Lord for this,
'Tis but the service that we owe,
And reasonable 'tis.
- 5 Give ev'ry work its proper ground,
For they must all expire,
That's in the place of *Jesus* found,
And burnt with heav'nly fire.

LXXIII.

Short Metre.

1 Tim. i. 15. Matt. ix. 12. Rom. xi. 32.

- 1 ALAS! why should I be
So vain as to condemn
The vilest sinners that I see,
Since I am one of them.
- 2 For such the Son of God,
For such was crucify'd,
For such alone he spilt his blood,
For none but such he dy'd.

3 The whole they needed not
 Any physiciān sure,
 But *Jesus Christ* for sinners wrought
 An everlasting cure.

4 God did conclude the whole
 In sin through *Adam's* fall,
 That his almighty arm might roll
 His mercy over all.

5 This is a faithful word,
 Worthy of our belief,
 "For sinners dy'd the blessed Lord,
 "Of whom I now am chief."

6 Could ev'ry creature see
 Themselves the chieftest, then
 There would not be one Pharisee
 Amongst the sons of men.

7 I hate the word, "stand by,
 "And come not nigh me now,
 32. "Thou art a publican, and I
 Am holier than thou."

8 How apt we mortals are
 To count ourselves the best;
 This tempts the simple to despair,
 And breaks their present rest.

LXXIV.

Common Metre.

*Adam the figure of Christ, or the equality of the type
and the antitype.*

- 1 **I**F he a type of *Christ* was made,
'Tis reason to suppose,
Wide as the condemnation spread,
The blood of *Jesus* flows.
- 2 A perfect vessel, and its mold,
How jointly they agree;
The type and antitype they hold,
As full equality.
- 3 'Tis stupid folly, to pretend
He was a type of him,
Except the ransom doth extend
To ev'ry human limb.
- 4 *Adam*, the type whom Satan hurl'd,
Contained all our host;
The antitype redeem'd the world,
And sav'd that which was lost.

LXXV.

Common Metre.

John iii. 3.—Eph. ii. 14.

- 1 **H**AD not a man been born again,
Where should we all have been,

the kingdom of eternal reign
Our eyes had never seen.

betwixt the Gentile and the Jew,
There's no partition-wall,
And both are equal members too
Of *Christ*, the head of all.

Christ our head, was born again
From the dark womb of death,
And we yet still unborn remain,
He had but half a birth.

Christ sep'rate from us did rise,
It truly may be said,
That he without a body lies,
And we without a head.

But *Christ*, the whole creation's head,
Was born again from death,
His resurrection from the dead,
Was ev'ry member's birth.

When great *Jehovah* rais'd his Son,
His angel did pronounce,
That Jew and Gentile to be one,
A nation born at once.

Many may marvel much at this,
As *Nicodemus* did ;
That so the church's union is
To their eternal Head.

Common Metre.

The human affinity of Christ and the people.

- 1 **T**HUS faith the first elect of God,
(The holy just and true)
"In ev'ry human nation's blood,
"My garments I'll imbrue."
- 2 Our heav'nly Father sent his Son
To suffer in our stead;
Not with an angel's nature on,
But dress'd in *Abram's* feed.
- 3 Eternal Wisdom drew the plan,
As he might bear our sin;
Made him in fashion as a man,
To ev'ry man akin.
- 4 When he was nail'd fast to the wood,
Out of his human side
Ran streams akin to all our blood,
And all his garments dy'd.
- 5 When he the Prophet, Priest, and Son,
On earth took his abode,
He put the sinful people on,
And bore the painful load.
- 6 *Jesus* was made the people's head,
Akin to ev'ry limb,

and then the law in justice laid
Its whole demands on him.

LXXVII.

Common Metre.

Pſalm xli. 4.

HOW wholesome are the streams that roll
From the redeeming Lamb ;
That peace and comfort to the ſoul,
That feels and taſtes the ſame.

This heals the ſick, confirms the ſad,
Their fears and doubts expel ;
Is this that makes the city glad,
Where God delights to dwell.

This will give ears unto the deaf,
And eyes unto the blind ;
his will aſſuage the ſeas of grief,
The ſorrows of the mind.

This will confirm the feeble knees,
And make the dumb to ſing
loſanna to the Prince of peace,
The whole creation's King.

LXXVII.

Awake, put on courage, in hope of eternal glo

- 1 **A**WAKE now ev'ry drowsy mind,
 Bid ev'ry doubtful thought be gone;
 Cast ev'ry wand'ring thought behind,
 And put undaunted courage on.
- 2 See how the years they roll away;
 Dear saints the day will soon appear,
 When we shall leave these tents of clay,
 And fly from each distracting care.
- 3 Adieu to all these mortal things,
 To all these trifling earthly toys,
 Fly up the hills on heav'nly wings;
 The hills of everlasting joys.
- 4 To dwell with *Christ*, our heav'nly King,
 The round of one eternal day,
 And hear the notes that angels sing,
 And sing as fair a note as they.
- 5 No more to grieve, no more to sigh;
 No more a mournful face appear;
 From ev'ry face and mourning eye,
Jesus will wipe off ev'ry tear.
- 6 Through all the shining courts of fame,
 Perpetual streams of pleasure glide

om the rich fountain of the Lamb;
What can we ask or wish beside?

There we shall see him face to face,
Forever smiling on his queen,
And we, the fav'rites of his grace,
Shall drink immortal pleasures in.

H Y M N S

FROM ELHANAN WINCHESTER
COLLECTION.

LXXIX.

Long Metre.

- 1 **DID** our *Immanuel* die for us,
To save such poor rebellious men?
Did he display his pity thus,
That we might come to God again?
- 2 All human language wants a name,
For this unfathom'd wond'rous love:
This pure immortal fervent flame,
Sprang *only* from the God above.
- 3 What can we add? our speech is faint;
We sink beneath the pond'rous load:
This love no eloquence can paint;
'Tis grand! 'tis worthy of a God!
- 4 O'erwhelm'd with this abyss of love,
We stand astonish'd at the grace,

Th

That brought the *Saviour* from above,
To die for all the fallen race !

Did our *Immanuel* die for us !

What more can be by sounds exprest ?
For sinners *Christ* was made a curse ;
Eternity must tell the rest.

LXXX.

Common Metre.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by
All seated on the ground, [night
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind :)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you, and all mankind.

To you in *David's* town, this day
"Is born of *David's* line,
A *Saviour*, who is *Christ* the Lord,
"And this shall be the sign ;

The heav'nly babe ye there shall find
"To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels praising God, and thus
 Address'd their heav'nly song ;

6 " All glory be to God on high ;
 " And on the earth be peace ;
 " Good will, henceforth, from heav'n to m
 " Begin and never cease."

LXXXI.

Common Metre.

The name of Jesus.

1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear ?

It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place ;
 My never-failing treas'ry fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.

4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
 Altho' with sin defil'd ;

Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art
I'll praise thee as I ought!

'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

LXXXII.

BEHOLD! the bright morning appears,
And *Jesus* revives from the grave;
His rising removes all our fears,
And shews him almighty to save.
How strong were his tears and his cries!
The worth of his blood how divine!
How perfect his sacrifice is,
Who rose, tho' he suffer'd for sin!

The man who was crowned with thorns,
The man who on *Calvary* dy'd,

The man who bore scourging and scorns,
 Whom sinners agreed to deride;
 Now blessed forever is made,
 And life has rewarded his pain;
 Now glory has crowned his head,
 Heav'n sings of the Lamb that was slain

- 3 Believing we share in his joy;
 By faith we partake of his rest;
 With this we can chearfully die;
 For with him we hope to be blest.
 This makes us regardless of fame,
 And riches and honours despise;
 We suffer for *Jesus's* name,
 That dying with him we may rise.

LXXXIII.

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is king,
 Your God and king adore;
 Morals give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore:
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice! again I say, Rejoice!
- 2 *Jesus* the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love;
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above:
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice! again I say, Rejoice!

ns, his kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our *Jesus* giv'n:
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 flain Rejoice! again I say, Rejoice!

He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet:
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
 Rejoice! again I say, Rejoice!

He all our foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy;
 And ev'ry bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy:
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
 Rejoice! again I say, Rejoice!

Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home:
 He soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

Common Metre.

Mercy comes to the miserable.

- 1 CAN we behold without amaze
Our dear *Redeemer's* love?
Most marvellous are all his ways!
His goodness shines above.
- 2 To mortal worms he shews his grace,
And makes his mercies known;
On us the glories of his face
Most wond'rously have shone.
- 3 'Tis of his mercy that we live,
And favours thus possess;
'Tis mercy freely doth us give
The gift of righteousness.
- 4 Mercy doth to the worthless come,
Or we could not receive;
In the *Redeemer* there is room
For sinners who believe.
- 5 Mercy respects mere wretchedness,
And perfect misery;
Christ liv'd, dy'd, rose, poor man to bless,
And set the helpless free.

LXXX

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LXXXV.

COME, thou almighty king,

Help us thy name to sing,

Help us to praise !

Thou all-glorious,

Ever all victorious,

Come, and reign over us,

Ancient of days.

Jesus, our Lord, arise,

Scatter our enemies,

And make them fall !

Let thine almighty aid

Our sure defence be made,

Our souls on thee be stay'd :

Lord, hear our call !

Come, thou incarnate Word,

Gird on thy mighty sword,

Our pray'r attend !

Come ! and thy people bless,

And give thy word success ;

Spirit of Holiness

On us descend !

Come, holy Comforter,

Thy sacred witness bear

In this glad hour !

Thou who Almighty art,

Now rule in ev'ry heart,

And

And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r !

- 5 To the great One in Three,
Eternal praises be,
Hence—evermore !
His sov'reign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

LXXXVI.

Long Metre.

- 1 YE nations hear, 'tis Heav'n doth call;
Ye kings, ye slaves, of ev'ry tongue,
Give ear ; the theme concerns you all ;
The great salvation is my song.
- 2 'Tis not for this or t'other realm,
'Tis no such mean contracted scheme :
Let ev'ry tongue adopt the Psalm,
The common safety is my theme.
- 3 The grand deliv'rance then display'd,
By God's dear Son, the prince of peace,
When rising from the grave, he said
To his elev'n, with lips of grace.
- 4 " Ye see I live, who once was slain :
" Tell all the world the gladfome news,
" Th

That God is love, and loves all men,
Barbarians, Greeks, as well as Jews.

In deserts, towns, to ev'ry kind,
O'er ev'ry mountain, ev'ry plain,
Tell my salvation's not confin'd
To any rank or fort of men.

Speak boldly in my name to all;
My word with equal force prevails
On wise, on fools, on great, on small;
The mountains level, raise the vales.

regard not how the news will please
The sons of pride, who make their boast
Of wisdom, wealth, and worldly ease;
Nor think your labour will be lost.

Dream not in all th' apostate race
A well-disposed heart to find,
To welcome, or improve my grace;
Hope nothing from the human mind.

The great reward of all my pain
Stands not on such precarious ground;
Not one soul would life obtain,
And all my pangs be fruitless found.

He that surveys the heart of man,
Who testifies 'tis only ill,
Could ne'er have form'd this saving plan
On ought depending on his will:

“ Yet

- 11 " Yet God in mercy purpos'd hath,
 (" And God's salvation standeth sure,
 " To blefs all nations ; and my death
 " Hath made their blessedness secure.
- 12 " All my redeem'd sure mercies boast
 " For so his will that sent me is,
 " That those he gave me be not lost,
 " But rais'd at last to endless bliss."
- 13 The grace of God in *Jesus* shewn,
 Most sure salvation brings along.
 " Salvation to our God alone,"
 Of ev'ry tribe shall be the song.
- 14 Is any heart so black, so foul,
 Excluded here ? 'tis surely mine :
 But who's that narrow-hearted soul
 God's common safety dares confine ?
- 15 Who dares confine it unto them
 Who boast a will dispos'd t' embrace
 Who boast a mind of better frame,
 T' improve the influence of his grace ?
- 16 Who can by merit God prevent ?
 Let him stand forth for recompence ;
 But, Lord, to me for ever grant
 Preventing grace as my defence.
- 17 Be that redemption mine I pray,
 Which guilty men in *Jesus* see ;

h, that, with the whole redeem'd, I may
 fure, The praise of all ascribe to thee.
 h
 ure.

LXXXVII.

HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! *Salem's* daughters weep around!
 solemn darkness veils the skies!
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
 Come, faints, and drop a tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your load!
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood!

Come, sinners, view your *Saviour* dead;
 And weep around his lonely tomb!
 Your hope, your joy, your all is fled,
 For ah! your champion's overcome!
 A conflict with the pow'rs of hell
 Your *Saviour* did for you sustain;
 He nobly fought, but ah! he fell!
 Break, hearts of flint! the Lamb is slain!

Here's love, and grief, beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the tomb:
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!

- 4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great deliv'rer reigns;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains;
 Say; "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster—"Where's thy sting
 "And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave

LXXXVIII.

- 1 O All loving Lamb,
 A sinner I am,
 And come as a sinner thy mercy to claim
- 2 With joy I embrace
 The pardon and grace
 Thy passion hath purchas'd for all the lost
- 3 For sinners like me
 Thy mercy is free;
 O, who would not love such a *Saviour* as thou
- 4 Yet long I withstood
 And fled from my God,
 But mercy pursu'd with the cry of thy blood
- 5 It challeng'd its stray,
 And forc'd me to stay,
 And wash'd all my sins in a moment away.

[III]

6 I felt it apply'd,
And joyfully cry'd, [dy'd!
me thou hast lov'd, and for me thou hast

7 How mighty thou art,
O love, to convert!
ve only could conquer so stubborn an heart.

8 The love of God-man
Alone could constrain
sturdy a rebel to love thee again.

9 But sure at the last
Thy goodness I taste;
soul on thy goodness delighted I cast.

10 Thy goodness I'll praise,
I'll sing of thy grace,
d joyfully live out my few happy days.

11 And when thy dear love
Me hence shall remove,
as thou I shall sing like the angels above.

12 Yet there when I am,
My work is the same,
e blood scribe my salvation to God and the Lamb.

13 Salvation to God,
I'll publish abroad, [blood.
ay. d make Heav'n ring with the cry of thy

14 The Lamb that was slain,
 He liveth again,
 And I with my *Jesus* for ever shall reign.

LXXXIX.

Long metre.

For the Lord's Supper.

- 1 **WHAT** heav'nly *Man*, or lovely God,
 Comes marching downward from the skies
 Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
 With joy and pity in his eyes?
- 2 The Lord! the *Saviour*! yes, 'tis he,
 I know him by the smiles he wears;
 Dear glorious *Man* that dy'd for me,
 Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.
- 3 Lo, he reveals his shining breast!
 I own those wounds, and I adore;
 Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
 Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore!
- 4 Whence flow these favours so divine?
 LORD! why so lavish of thy blood?
 Why for such earthly souls as mine,
 This heav'nly flesh, this sacred food?
- 5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
 That nail'd him to the cursed tree;

'T

was his own love this table spread
For such unworthy worms as we.

Then let us taste the *Saviour's* love.
Come, faith, and feed upon the *Lord*;
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet *Hosanna's* crown the board.

XC.

Common Metre.

Redeeming love.

COME heavn'ly love, inspire my song,
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's lovely name.

O Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

Give pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow,
To guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

Thy only son, (stupendous grace!)
Forsook his throne above;
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 Th' almighty former of the skies,
 Stoop'd to our vile abode ;
 While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes
 And hail'd th' incarnate God.

6 O the rich depths of love divine !
 Of blifs, a boundless store :
 Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine.
 I cannot wish for more.

7 On thee alone my hope relies,
 Beneath thy cross I fall,
 My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my all.

XCI.

Short metre.

Christian Love.

1 **LET** party names no more
 The christian world o'erspread ;
Gentle and Jew, and bond and free
 Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy and ill-will
 Be banish'd far away ;

ose should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

g eye
Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

XCII.

It is finished.

" 'TIS finish'd" the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying head,
Whilst we this sentence scan.
Come, sinners, and observe the word,
Behold the conquests of the Lord,
Complete for helpless man.

Finish'd the righteousness of grace,
Finish'd for sinners pard'ning peace;
Their mighty debt is paid :
Accusing law cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended God
In sweet oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second claim ?
The law no longer can condemn,
Faith a release can shew :

Justice

Justice itself a friend appears,
 The prison-house a whisper hears,
 "Loose him and let him go."

- 4 O unbelief, injurious bar !
 Source of tormenting, fruitless fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply ?
 Where'er thy loud objections fall,
 "'Tis finish'd," still may answer all,
 And silence ev'ry cry.
- 5 His toil divinely finish'd stands,
 But ah ! the praise his work demands,
 Careful may we attend !
 Conclusion to our souls be this,
 Because salvation finish'd is,
 Our thanks shall never end.

XCIII.

- 1 **CHRIST** the Lord is ris'n to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say !
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won ;
 Lo ! our sun's eclipse is o'er.
 Lo ! he sits in blood no more.

in the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath open'd paradise.

aves again our glorious king,
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Since he dy'd our souls to save,
 Where's thy victory, O grave?

ar we now where Christ hath led,
 All'wing our exalted head;
 Made like him, like him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave the skies.

hat tho' once we perish'd all,
 Partners of our parents fall;
 Second life we all receive,
 Our heav'nly Adam live.

ail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
 Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail the resurrection—thou!

ing of glory! soul of bliss!
 Everlasting life is this—
 Thee to know—thy pow'r to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

HYMNS

H Y M N S

BY MR. SEGRAVE.

XCIV.

Long Metre.

At the meeting of convention,

- 1 NOW we are met from diff'rent parts;
May heav'nly love inspire our hearts;
May all we do be done in love,
Like those that meet to praise above.
- 2 May this a striking emblem be,
Of that great meeting, all must see:
Where heav'nly love tunes ev'ry chord,
In loud hosannas to the Lord.
- 3 Be with us, *Jesus*, while we stay,
And guide us when we praise or pray;
In all we do, may we proclaim,
The praise and glory of thy name.

XCV.

Short Metre.

Parting of the convention.

DEAR Lord ! we now must part,

A parting blessing give,
With thy rich love fill ev'ry heart,
That we in love may live.

And tho' we're far away,
May we united be,
And for each other daily pray,
That we may live in thee.

All glory to the Lamb,
May we forever sing ;
And bid farewell, while we proclaim
Hosannas to our king.

XCVI.

Short Metre.

Christmas Hymn.

THE long expected Son,
The wond'rous Virgin bears ;
An Archangel leaves the lofty throne,
And thus to man declares :

Fear not, behold, and see !

" We do glad tidings bring,

Which

“ Which shall unto all people be,
“ To you is born a King.

3 “ A *Saviour*, *Christ* the Lord,
“ To you is born, this day,
“ And tho’ by heav’nly hosts ador’d,
“ Doth in a manger lay.”

4 Impatient while their songs,
The fallen race refuse :
An heav’nly host employ their tongues,
And shouts the gen’rous news !

5 To God all glory be,
We sing the *Saviour*’s birth ;
Good will to men, he makes them free,
A joyful peace on earth.

XCVII.

Long Metre.

Hymn before the Lord’s Supper, after sermon

1 DEAR *Jesus* wilt thou with us meet,
While we at supper, humbly join,
To praise thy bounty, while we eat
Thy bread, and drink thy bounteous

2 These emblems of thy dying love,
Set forth thy passion on the tree,
And to our senses always prove
Thy love continues great and free.

Here may our faith thy body view,
And worthily thy love partake;
May this our faith and love renew
And all we ask is for thy sake.

XCVIII.

Common metre.

After supper.

WE eat, dear Lord, the broken bread,
Which thy free bounty gave;
Lively emblem of our head,
Who dy'd the world to save.

Here ev'ry grain is join'd in one,
One body all express;
Dear shines our union with the Son,
The Lord our righteousness.

Dear *Jesus*, while we taste the wine,
Which has the wine-press bore,
Is to set forth that blood of thine,
Press'd from each sacred pore.

May humble joy inspire each tongue,
While we thy death express;
And that dear name complete the song;
The Lord, our righteousness.

Common Metre.

Funeral thought.

- 1 **WHY** should we fear, to meet the to
 Since there our Jesus lay,
 And left a lasting sweet perfume,
 Amidst the silent clay.
- 2 Our life is hid in him our head,
 And faith forbids to fear;
 In him we live, tho' we are dead,
 And with him must appear.
- 3 O death! Where is thy fatal sting?
 Since Christ for all did die,
 And rose that we might shout and sing
 Grave where's thy victory?

C

Common metre.

Fall in Adam, recovery in Christ.

- 1 **ADAM** the first, contain'd in one,
 The male and female too,
 A wond'rous work in him begun;
 The wond'rous myst'ry view.
- 2 From him the female nature took,
 They stand a happy pair;

all coveting, unhappy look !
They wish forbidden fare.

they eat, but O ! unhappy food !
Their eyes are op'd to see ;
The evil now, as well as good,
And find they naked be.

ere fear and shame, distress and guilt,
The mis'ries of the fall
Is by the two severely felt,
And we are sunk in thrall.

PAUSE.

at shall the tempting serpent boast
A total conquest here ?
The glorious work of God be lost,
And sunk in endless fear !

God forbid ! was this the doom,
We might with John bewail,
At Judah's lion from the womb,
Hath power, and did prevail.

he female sever'd from the man,
In the transgression first,
Had promised, that her seed again,
Should make her children just.

ere shines the great, the morning star ;
Here Michael takes the field,

L 2

His

His foes unequal to the war,
Do to Emmanuel yield.

- 9 He fought, and broke the serpent's head
And hath destroy'd his throne:
And the whole world for which he bled
His pow'r and grace shall own.

CL.

Short metre.

Fall and recovery of the human race.

- 1 ALL ruin'd by the fall,
And doom'd to sore distress,
'Till Jesus paid the debt for all,
In him we've righteousness.
- 2 'Tis here we stand complete,
In him we live and move;
And lay with Mary at his feet,
And praise the God of love.
- 5 Let all the fallen race
Unite their songs in one;
And while they sing redeeming grace,
Proclaim what Christ has done.

Short Metre.

Great and free salvation.

SALVATION! O the thought!

For sinners doom'd to die,
 Paid for by Jesus, dearly bought,
 To raise his foes on high.

Salvation, O the song,
 Let all the world proclaim,
 And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
 Rejoice to hear the name.

Salvation, rich and free,
 Salvation, long and broad,
 Salvation for such worms as we,
 'Tis all the work of God.

He works to will and do,
 The *Alpha* is his name,
 And he the great *Omega* too,
 All glory to the lamb.

CIII.

Let all creatures praise God.

LET all created things,
 Their chearful voices raise,
 And own the king of kings,
 With thankful songs of praise.

Creating love ;
 Should loud be sung,
 Thro' ev'ry world,
 By ev'ry tongue.

2 Let angels round the throne,
 In joyful ranks above,
 His power and goodness own,
 And his preserving love,
 With thankful tongues
 His praise proclaim,
 And drop their crowns
 To shout his name.

3 Let all old Adam's race,
 Wherever they may be,
 Shout the redeemer's grace,
 And to him bow the knee :
 He dy'd for all,
 And to restore
 All things, he rose
 To die no more.

CIV.

Mystery of Redemption.

1 **G**REAT was the mystery
 Of godliness reveal'd,
 That God should human be,
 This book was ever seal'd,

All *Christ*, prevail'd,
 To ope the book
 And in it look ;
 He never fail'd.

Thus immortality,
 He freely brought to light ;
 For sinners doom'd to die,
 In whom was his delight,
 The time began ;
 He lov'd the whole,
 For ev'ry soul
 He laid the plan.

Where angels silent lie,
 In the bright realms above,
 Tho' they desire to pry
 Into this wondrous love ;
 They must give place
 And never know
 Like us below,
 Redeeming grace.

Let the redeem'd above,
 And all below the skies,
 Shout the Redeemer's love ;
 And loud repeat their joys ;
 Let *Adam's* race,
 With joy proclaim
 The Saviour's name,
 And sing his grace.

Creating

CV.

Creating Goodness.

- 1 **W**HY does my tongue refuse to sing,
My heart so stupid lie,
When the great works of God my king,
Do strike my wand'ring eye?
- 2 The massy globe on which I stand,
Hangs on his power alone,
The ebbing sea begirt with sand,
His pow'r and glory own.
- 3 The humble shrub, the cedar high,
The tow'ring oak and pine,
Bespeak his awful majesty,
And own his arm divine.
- 4 The gilded arches, spangle forth,
With lamps of shining light;
From east to west, from south to north,
His awful pow'r and might.
- 5 Bright sol, with his enliv'ning rays
Lends to the moon her light,
And join in silent strokes to praise,
The Maker day and night.
- 6 But who can count the vast detail?
Of all that own his hand,
My time decays, my numbers fail,
And I must silent stand.

CVI.

Long Metre.

Universal redemption.

REDEMPTION, O! the joyful news
 for Gentiles poor as well as Jews,
 amazing thought! what can it mean?
 and can the Ethiop be clean?

Can Scythian, and Barbarian, too,
 be sav'd as well as Greek and Jew,
 The Africans among the rest,
 can they be *Jesu's* wedding guest?

Can camel thro' a needle go?
 'Tis possible with God, we know;
 And so by his unbounded grace
 can save a lost, a sinful race.

Mercy and truth in *Jesus* meet,
 Justice and love here shine complete:
 Then Christ is able all to do,
 To pay the debt, and pardon too.

Here rich, and poor, and bond, and free,
 Come, blind and halt, you all shall see;
 In him they've life, and hence proclaim,
 The praise and glory to the Lamb.

Then may all heav'n and earth resound,
 With thanks to God, with awe profound;
 And

And love, and thanks, and praise express
To *Christ* the Lord, our righteousness.

CVII.

Creating and redeeming love.

- 1 YE angels that surround the throne,
Where your Creator's name is known,
Through all the realms above,
Your greatest skill in praising try,
And all your golden harps employ,
To sing creating love.
- 2 But you the children of his love,
Who have been call'd to mount above,
From sin and sorrow too :
Let angels to your songs give place,
For you can sing redeeming grace,
Your song is always new.
- 3 And may not we, who still stay here,
With joy and triumph lend an ear,
And humbly try to sing,
Tho' darkly thro' a glass we see,
Each of us cry, he dy'd for me,
Adored be my King.
- 4 But when we take the sacred book,
And at each precious promise look,
Of universal grace :
'Tis here the joyful day we view,

When the poor Gentile with the Jew,
Shall see his *Saviour's* face.

Then may all *Adam's* fallen race,
As fellow-heirs of this same grace,
And branches of one vine,
In one eternal song conspire,
To praise the Lamb, our soul's desire,
When all their brethren join.

CVIII.

Common Metre.

Salvation through the love of God alone.

LOUD hallelujahs to thy name,
Thou conqu'ring God of grace!
Who on the best of errands came,
To save a ruin'd race.

Why didst thou leave the realms above,
And deign to come below?
'Twas sure thy own eternal love;
Teach us this truth to know.

For when we view the objects, Lord,
Of thy rich love divine;
Rebels to thee, in thought and word,
Here doth thy goodness shine.

For guilty sinners, great and small,
For fallen *Adam's* race,

For

For Jew and Gentile, yea for all,
Here shines thy matchless grace.

- 5 Halle, halle, hallelujah,
Hallelujah to *Jesus*,
Hallelujah and Hosanna,
To him who died to save us.

CIX.

Long Metre.

Before baptism by emersion.

- 1 **W**E'RE not ashamed to follow him;
Who bow'd his head in *Jordan's* stream
And rising from beneath the wave,
Set forth his pow'r to leave the grave.
- 2 Here in the likeness of his death,
We for a time resign our breath,
Then rise and leave the wat'ry grave,
So *Jesus* rose the world to save.
- 3 Here we our faith, in him profess,
Who rose the Lord, our righteousness,
Nor do we fear to own the Lord,
In sweet compliance with his word.
- 4 Come follow him, dear brethren, come,
He rose for all, and left the tomb;
Believe and be baptiz'd, and tell
We trust in him who vanquish'd hell.

CX.

Common Metre.

After baptism.

WE'RE not baptiz'd to wash away
Our guilt, or save from woe,
At our dear master to obey,
And in his footsteps go.

Bury'd with *Christ*, our heav'nly king,
In likeness of his death,
He arose, we rise to sing;
May praise employ our breath.

Where is thy vict'ry, conquer'd grave?
O death! where is thy sting?
Since *Jesus* rose the world to save,
May all the vict'ry sing.

CXI.

Long Metre.

On the love of God.

THY love, O God, my feeble voice,
Would fain attempt, would try to speak,
But in the boundless ocean lost, [weak.
My thought's too scant, my power's too
To what can I thy love compare?
How can I set thy goodness forth;
M Nothing

Nothing, O Lord ! on earth there are,
From east to west, from south to north

3 If I compare it to a sea,
Without a bottom or a shore,
I see the great disparity,
A sea must end, and be no more.

4 If thro' the orbs of light I range,
And should compare it to the moon ;
'Tis wrong, the moon does often change
And here we see the diff'rence soon.

5 If to the sun, whose heav'nly rays
Give life to nature here below ;
I blush, and check the warbling lays,
Thy love first made the sun, we know.

6 If to the num'rous stars of heav'n,
That round the globe in myriads shine,
They are but sparks thy love has giv'n,
They only flow from love divine.

CXII.

Gospel.

1 COME, sinners, give up the vain chase
For heav'n, by all you can do :
Come, trust in *Immanuel's* grace,
He is the straight gate to go thro' :
Believe ! he has suffer'd for all,
For all, yea, for all that was lost,

And knowing 'twould save them from thrall,
He gave up his life on the cross.

The law we had broke he made good,
Fulfilling its precepts complete,
And sealing the cov'nant with blood,
To heav'n has took the receipt.
The justice has got its demand,
And rivers of mercy may flow,
All from *Immanuel's* hand,
'Tis peace this salvation to know.

By this boundless ocean of love,
Constrain us to follow the lamb,
Giving our portion above,
Adoring and praising his name:
This is a salvation complete,
Forbidding the soul to rebel:
Lay at *Immanuel's* feet,
Nor fearing the powers of hell.

CXIII.

Long metre.

Morning Hymn.

BLESS'D be thy name, my God and King,
And would my heart thy praises sing,
All the mercies of the night,
And blessings of the morning light.

M 2

2 'Tis

- 2 'Tis thro' thy mercy, Lord, to me,
I've liv'd another day to see;
May I this day thy praise proclaim,
And give the glory to thy name.
- 3 Give me this day my daily bread,
And while my body's richly fed,
O! may my soul be truly blest'd,
And feed on *Christ*, my righteousness.

CXIV.

Common Metre.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 MY ev'ning thanks, Lord, I would pay
To thy protecting arm,
Thou hast preserv'd me all the day,
And safe from ev'ry harm.
- 2 From dangers seen and unseen too,
Thou hast preserved me:
O! may the thought my heart induce
With songs of praise to thee.
- 3 And now I lay me down to sleep
In thee, my soul's delight;
Dear *Jesus*, may thy mercy keep
Me through the silent night.

HYMN

H Y M N S

A N D

S A L M S

BY DR. W A T T S.

CXV.

Short Metre.

to enemies ; or, The love of Christ to sinners typified in David.

BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,
That holy David shows !
Mark how this founding bowels move
To his afflicted foes !

When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart,
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead !
And, fasting, mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

- 4 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
 Thus Christ the Lord appears;
 While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
 And pities them with tears.
- 5 He, the true David, Israel's king,
 Bless'd and belov'd of God,
 To save us rebels, dead in sin,
 Pay'd his own dearest blood.

CXVI.

Common Metre.

The Vanity of man as mortal.

- 1 **TEACH** me the measure of my days,
 Thou maker of my frame!
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
 An inch or two of time;
 Man is but vanity and dust,
 In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
 Like shadows o'er the plain;
 They rage and strive, desire and love,
 But all the noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show;
 Some dig for golden ore;

they toil for heirs they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.

prays,
What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recal ;
Give my mortal intr'est up,
And make my God my all.

CXVII.

Common Metre.

bed devotion ; or, *Pleading without repining.*

GOD of my life, look gently down !
Behold the pains I feel !
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will,

Diseases are thy servants, Lord !
They come at thy command :
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word,
Against thy chast'ning hand.

Yet may I plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes ;

My

My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust :
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

- [5 This mortal life decays apace ;
How soon the bubble's broke !
Adam, and all his num'rous race,
Are vanity and smoke.]

- 6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were :
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.

- 7 But if my life be spar'd a while,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

CXVIII.

Common metre.

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, 'Your work is va
'Give your burnt-offerings o'er :
'In dying goats, and bullocks slain,
'My soul delight no more.'

2 Th

es, then spake the Saviour, Lo! I'm here,
 ' My God, to do thy will ;
 d, Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
 ' Thy servant shall fulfil.

nd, Thy law is ever in my sight,
 ' I keep it near my heart ;
 Mine ears are open'd with delight,
 ' To what thy lips impart.'

nd see! the bless'd Redeemer comes,
 Th' eternal son appears ;
 nd, at th' appointed time assumes
 The body God prepares.

Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
 And much his truth he show'd ;
 and preach'd the way of righteousness,
 Where great assemblies stood.

His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
 He pitied sinners' cries ;
 And to fulfil a Saviour part,
 Was made a sacrifice.

P A U S E.

x is va No blood of beasts, on alters shed,
 Could wash the conscience clean ;
 But the rich sacrifice he paid,
 Atones for all our sin.

2 Then

2 Th

- 8 Then was the great salvation spread,
 And Satan's kingdom shook ;
 Thus, by the woman's promis'd seed,
 The serpent's head was broke.

CXIX.

Common Metre.

*Christ's obedience and death ; or, God glorified at
 sinners saved.*

- 1 FATHER ! I sing thy wond'rous grace ;
 I bless my Saviour's name ;
 He bought salvation for the poor
 And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high ;
 His duty and his zeal
 Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
 And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs,
 Shall better please my God,
 Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
 Than goats or bullocks blood.
- 4 This shall his humble followers see,
 And set their hearts at rest ;
 They by his death draw near to thee,
 And live forever blest.

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Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
 To God their voices raise;
 While lands and seas assist the sky,
 And join t'advance the praise.

Sion is thine, most holy God!

Thy Son shall bless her gates;
 And glory purchas'd by his blood,
 For thy own Isra'l waits.

CXX.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journies run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of ev'ry tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
 And infant-voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
 The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

Where he displays his healing pow'r,
 Death and the curse are known no more:
 In him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.]

- 5 Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our king :
Angels, descend with songs again ;
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

CXXI.

Long Metre.

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord ;
And grace descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since *Christ* the Lord came down
heav'n ;
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.
- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence blest the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

CXXII.

Common Metre.

*The covenant of grace unchangeable ; or, affliction
without rejection.*

- 1 'YET (saith the Lord) if David's race,
' ' The children of my Son,

Sho

‘Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
 ‘And tempt mine anger down :

‘Their sins I’ll visit with the rod,
 ‘And make their folly smart ;
 ‘But I’ll not cease to be their God,
 ‘Nor from my truth depart.

‘My cov’nant I will ne’er revoke,
 ‘But keep my grace in mind ;
 ‘And what Eternal love hath spoke,
 ‘Eternal truth shall bind.

‘Once have I sworn (I need no more)
 ‘And pledg’d my holiness,
 ‘To seal the sacred promise sure
 ‘To David and his race.

‘The sun shall see his offspring rise,
 ‘And spread from sea to sea,
 ‘Long as he travels round the skies,
 ‘To give the nations day.

6 ‘Sure as the moon that rules the night
 ‘His kingdom shall endure,
 ‘Till the fix’d laws of shade and light.
 ‘Shall be observ’d no more.’

Long Metre.

Christ's incarnation.

- 1 **THE** Lord is come ; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth ; the nations learn his name ;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.
- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies ;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound,
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign king.

CXXIV.

Common Metre.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

- 1 **JOY** to the world ! the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her king ;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to earth ! the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy.

[plains

4 No

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;
 He comes to make his blessings flow,
 Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

CXXV.

Long metre.

Praise to our Creator.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
 Before the Lord, your lov' reign king :
 Serve him with chearful heart and voice ;
 With all your tongues his glory sing.

The Lord is God : 'Tis he alone
 Doth life and breath, and being give :
 We are his work, and not our own ;
 The sheep that on his pastures live.

Enter his gates with songs of joy,
 With praises to his courts repair ;
 And make it your divine employ,
 To pay your thanks and honours there.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;
 Great is his grace, his mercy sure :
 And the whole race of man shall find,
 His truth from age to age endure.

CXXVI.

Long Metre.

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul! the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favours claim the highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?
- 3 'Tis he my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.
- 5 Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.
- 6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress'd,
And often gives the sufferers rest:

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But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

His pow'r he show'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.]

CXXVII.

Common metre.

Brotherly love.

LO! what an entertaing sight
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren, whose chearful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

When streams of love from Christ, the spring,
Descend to ev'ry soul;
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's rev'rend head;
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning-dews
That fall on Sion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

CXXVIII.

Common Metre.

Praise to God from all nations.

- 1 O All ye nations ! praise the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue ;
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns through ev'ry land ;
Proclaim his grace abroad !
For ever firm his truth shall stand ;
Praise ye the faithful God !

CXXIX.

Long Metre.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
'Till sun shall rise, and set no more.

CXXX

CXXX.

Short Metre.

THY name, Almighty Lord !
 Shall sound thro' distant lands :
 Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
 Thy truth forever stands.

Far be thine honour spread,
 And long thy praise endure ;
 Till morning light, and ev'ning shade,
 Shall be exchange'd no more.

CXXXI.

Short Metre.

*the blessedness of gospel times : or, the revelation of
 Christ to Jews and Gentiles.—Isa. v. 2, 7—10.
 Mat. xiii. 16, 17.*

HOW beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Zion's hill !
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal !

How charming is their voice !
 How sweet the tidings are !
 Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
 " He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound,

Which

Which kings and prophets waited for,
And fought, but never found !

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light ;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight !

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And desarts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad :
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their *Saviour* and their God.

CXXXII.

Common Metre.

Victory over death. — 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1 O For an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
And all his frightful pow'rs !

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
" Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave ;
" And where the monster's sting ? "

sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
 Death hath no sting beside;
 The law gives sin its damning pow'r;
 But Christ, my ransom dy'd.

Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conqu'rors while we die
 Thro' Christ our living head.

CXXXIII.

Common Metre.

Revelation of the kingdom of Christ among men.—
 Rev. xxi. 1—4.

LO, what a glorious sight appears
 To our believing eyes!
 The earth and seas are pass'd away,
 And the old rolling skies:

From the third heav'n, where God resides,
 That holy, happy place,
 The *New Jerusalem* comes down,
 Adorn'd with shining grace.

Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing,
 Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 "Of your descending King.

"The God of glory down to men
 "Removes his bless'd abode;

" Men

"Men, the dear objects of his grace,
 "And he the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
 "From ev'ry weeping eye;
 "And pains and groans, and griefs and fears
 "And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear *Saviour*, O how long!
 Shall this bright hour delay?
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

CXXXIV.

Long Metre.

A vision of the Lamb.—Rev. v. 6—9.

1 **ALL** mortal vanities be gone,
 Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
 Behold amidst th' eternal throne,
 A vision of the Lamb appears.

2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
 Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
 Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,
 To speak his wisdom and his pow'r.

3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
 From him that sits upon the throne:

us, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]

all the assembling saints around
All worshipping before the Lamb,
In new songs of gospel sound,
Address their honours to his name.

The joy, the shout, the harmony
Lies o'er the everlasting hills;
Worthy art thou alone (they cry)
To read the book, to loose the seals."]

er voices join the heav'nly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
To be our teacher and our king!"

Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That dy'd for treasons not his own,
Ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne!

CXXXV.

Common metre.

of heaven by the resurrection of Christ.—
1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;

Be

Be his unbounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What tho' our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
'Till the salvation come ;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
'Till *Christ* shall call us home

CXXXVI.

Long Metre.

Electing grace : or, saints beloved in Ch
Eph. i. 3. &c.

1 *J*ESUS, we bless thy Father's name
Thy God and ours are both the same
What heav'nly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners thro' his Son

Christ be my first elect," he said ;
 Then chose our souls in *Christ* our head ;
 Before he gave the mountains birth,
 Or laid foundations for the earth.

Thus did eternal love begin
 To raise us up from death and sin ;
 Our characters were then decreed,
 " Blameless in love, a holy seed."

Predestinated to be sons,
 Born by degrees, but chose at once ;
 A new regenerated race,
 To praise the glory of his grace.

With *Christ* our Lord we share our part
 In the affections of his heart :
 Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
 Till he forgets his First-belov'd,

CXXXVII.

Common Metre.

*Christ Jesus the Lamb of God worshipped by all the
 creation.—Rev. v. 11—13.*

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

" Worthy the Lamb that dy'd (thy cry)
 " To be exalted thus :"

O

" Worthy

“ Worthy the Lamb (our lips reply)
“ For he was slain for us.”

3 *Jesus* is worthy to receive
Honour and pow’r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever, thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

CXXXVIII.

Long Metre.

Christ’s humiliation and exaltation.—Rev. v.

1 **WHAT** equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan’d and
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father’s side.

y) w'r and dominion are his due,
 Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
 Whom belongs to *Jesus* too,
 Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

ive, All riches are his native right,
 Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
 To him ascribe eternal might,
 Who left his weakness on the cross.

Honour immortal must be paid,
 Instead of scandal and of scorn;
 While glory shines around his head,
 And a bright crown without a thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore the curse for wretched men;
 Angels sound his sacred name,
 And ev'ry creature say, Amen.

CXXXIX.

Long Metre.

v. v. *Value of Christ and his righteousness.*—Phil. iii. 7--9.

bring Lamb NO more, my God, I boast no more
 Of all the duties I have done;
 I quit the hopes I held before,
 To trust the merits of thy Son.

and Now for the love I bear his name,
 What was my gain I count my loss;

My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for *'Jesus'* sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!
- 4 The best obedience of my hands,
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

CXL.

Common Metre.

The brazen serpent: or, looking to Jesus.—
John iii. 14, 15, 16.

- 1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.
- 2 “Look upward in the dying hour,
“And live,” the prophet cries;
But *Christ* performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the *Saviour* hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns;
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives :
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

CXLI.

Common Metre.

Saints in the hands of Christ.—John x. 28, 29.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust ;
I am found in *Jesus'* hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep ;
All that his heav'nly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast ;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

CXLII.

Short Metre.

Humiliation and exaltation of Christ.—Isa. liii. 6—12.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,

O 3

Each

Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the shepherd's head !

3 How glorious was the grace
When *Christ* sustain'd the stroke !
His life and blood the shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honour and his breath
Were taken quite away ;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a num'rous feed,
To recompence his pain.

6 " I'll give him (saith the Lord)
" A portion with the strong :
" He shall possess a large reward,
" And hold his honours long."

CXLIII.

Common Metre.

edly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed!

And did my Sov'reign die;

Could he devote that sacred head

For such a worm as I?

Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,

And bath'd in its own blood,

While all expos'd to wrath divine,

The glorious suff'rer stood!]

Was it for crimes that I had done,

He groan'd upon the tree?

Amazing pity! Grace unknown!

And love beyond degree.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,

And shut his glories in,

When God the mighty Maker dy'd

For man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,

While his dear cross appears,

Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,

LIII. And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay

The debt of love I owe:

Here,

Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
 'Tis all that I can do.

CXLIV.

Common Metre.

Christ is the substance of the Levitical priesthood.

- 1 THE true Messiah now appears,
 The types are all withdrawn ;
 So fly the shadows and the stars
 Before the rising dawn.
- 2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
 Nor kid, nor bullock slain,
 Incense and spice of costly names,
 Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
 His mitre and his vest,
 When God himself comes down to be
 The off'ring and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh to show
 The wonders of his love ;
 For us he paid his life below,
 And prays for us above.
- 5 " Father (he cries) forgive their sins,
 " For I myself have dy'd ;"
 And then he shews his open'd veins,
 And pleads his wounded side.

CXLV.

Long Metre.

*creation, preservation, dissolution, and restoration of
this world.*

Wood. SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame;
All the nations found his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

ms. He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry dust,
Nature and time with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.

e Now, from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

e Thus shall this moving engine last,
'Till all his saints are gather'd in:
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
To shake it all to dust again!

e Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

CXLVI.

Short Metre,

Triumph over death in hope of the resurrection.

- 1 **AND** must this body die?
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 'Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my *Redeemer* lives,
 And often from the skies
 Looks down, and watches all my dust,
 'Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face
 Look heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
 To *Jesus'* dying love:
 We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his pow'r above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs,

ill tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

CXLVII.

Common Metre.

The nativity of *Christ*.

" SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
" And send your fears away ;
News from the region of the skies,
" Salvation's born to day.

" *Jesus*, the God whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you ;
To day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.

" No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
" Nor royal shining things ;
A manger for his cradle stands,
" And holds the *King of Kings*.

" Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
" And see his humble throne ;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
" Go, shepherds, kiss the *Son*."

Thus *Gabriel* sang, and strait around
The heav'nly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song :

- 6 " Glory to God that reigns above,
 " Let peace surround the earth;
 " Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
 " At their *Redeemer's* birth."

- 7 Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,
 And men no tunes to raise ?
 O may we lose these useless tongues
 When they forget to praise !

- 8 Glory to God that reigns above,
 That pitied us forlorn,
 We join to sing our Maker's love,
 For there's a *Saviour* born.

CXLVIII.

Long Metre.

Jesus the only Saviour.

- 1 *ADAM*, our father and our head
 Transgress ; and justice doom'd us dead :
 The fiery law speaks all despair,
 There's no reprieve, nor pardon there.
- 2 " Call a bright council in the skies ;
 " Seraphs the mighty and the wise,
 " Say, what expedient can you give,
 " That sin be damn'd, and sinners live ?
- 3 " Speak, are you strong to bear the load,
 " The weighty vengeance of a God ?

" Whi

“ Which of you loves our wretched race,
 “ Or dares to venture in our place ? ”

In vain we ask : for all around
 Stands silence thro’ the heavenly ground :
 There’s not a glorious mind above
 Has half the strength, or half the love.

But, O unutterable grace !
 Th’ eternal Son takes *Adam’s* place ;
 Down to our world the *Saviour* flies,
 Stretches his naked arms, and dies.

Justice was pleas’d to bruise the God,
 And pay its wrongs with heav’nly blood ;
 What unknown racks and pangs he bore !
 Then rose : the law could ask no more.

Amazing work ! look down, ye skies,
 Wonder and gaze with all your eyes ;
 Ye heavenly thrones, stoop from above,
 And bow to this mysterious love.

See, how they bend ! see, how they look !
 Long they had read th’ eternal book,
 And studied dark decrees in vain,
 The cross and *Calv’ry* makes them plain

Now they are struck with deep amaze,
 Each with his wings conceals his face ;
 Nor clap their sounding plumes, and cry,
The wisdom of a DEITY.

- 10 Low they adore th' incarnate Søn,
And sing the glories he hath won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.
- 11 Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming hosts ador'd:
And say, dear *Conqueror*, say, how long
E'er we shall rise to join their song.
- 12 Lo, from afar the promis'd day
Shines with a well distinguish'd ray;
But my wing'd passion hardly bears
These lengths of slow delaying years.
- 13 Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels and pav'd with love;
Raise me beyond th' ethereal blue,
'To sing and love as angels do.

HYMN

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By J. H A R T.

CXLIX.

Liberto hath the Lord helped us. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

THO' strait be the way,
 With dangers beset;
 And we thro' delay
 Are no farther yet;
 Our good guide and *Saviour*
 Hath help'd thus far:
 And 'tis by his favour
 We are what we are.

favour so great

We highly should prize;

YM N
 Not murmur, nor fret,
 Nor small things despise,
 But what call we small things?
 Sin's whole cancell'd sum?
 'Tis greater than all things—
 Except those to come.

P. 2.

My

- 3 My brethren, reflect
 On what we have been ;
 How God had respect
 To us under sin.
 When lower and lower
 We ev'ry day fell,
 He stretched forth his power,
 And snatch'd us from hell.
- 4 Then let us rejoice,
 And chearfully sing.
 With heart and with voice,
 To Jesus our king ;
 Who thus far has brought us
 From evil to good ;
 The ransom that bought us
 No less than his blood.
- 5 For blessings like these
 So bounteously giv'n,
 For prospects of peace,
 And fore-tastes of heav'n.
 'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant
 To sing and adore ;
 Be thankful for present,
 And then ask for more.

CL.

The Sabbath.

- 1 GOD thus commanded *Jacob's* seed,
 When, from *Egyptian* bondage freed,

He led them by the way.
 Remember with a mighty hand
 brought thee forth from *Pharaoh's* land;
 Then keep my Sabbath-day.

In six days God made heav'n and earth;
 Gave all the various creatures birth:
 And from his working ceas'd.
 These days to labour he applied;
 The Sev'nth he blest'd, and sanctified,
 And called the day of rest.

To all God's people now remains
 A *Sabbatism*, a rest from pains
 And works of slavish kind.
 When tir'd with toil, and faint thro' fear,
 The child of God can enter here,
 And sweet refreshment find.

To this by faith he oft rereats,
 Bondage and labour quite forgets,
 And bids his cares adieu;
 Slides softly into promis'd rest,
 Reclines his head on *Jesus's* breast
 And proves the sabbath true.

This, and this only is the way,
 To rightly keep that Sabbath-day,
 Which God has holy made.
 All keeper's that come short of this,
 The substance of the Sabbath miss;
 And grasp an empty shade.

CLI.

*And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave
them both. Luke vii. 42.*

- 1 **MERCY** is welcome news indeed,
To those that guilty stand.
Wretches, that feel what help they need,
Will bless the helping hand.
- 2 Who rightly would his alms dispose,
Must give them to the poor.
None but the wounded patient knows
The comforts of his cure.
- 3 We all have sinn'd against our God ;
Exception none can boast :
But he, that feels the heaviest load,
Will prize forgiveness most.
- 3 No reck'ning can we rightly keep,
For who the sums can know ?
Some souls are fifty pieces deep ;
And some five hundred owe.
- 5 But let our debts be what they may,
However great, or small :
As soon as we have nought to pay,
Our Lord forgives us all.
- 6 'Tis perfect poverty alone,
That sets the soul at large :

While

While we can call one mite our own,
We have no full discharge.

CLII.

Short Metre.

Faith in the Victory.

WHOEVER believes aright,
In Christ's atoning blood,
Of all his guilt's acquitted quite :
And may draw near to God.

But sin will still remain,
Corruptions rise up thick ;
And Satan says the med'cine's vain,
Because we yet are sick.

But all this will not do ;
Our hope's on Jesus cast :
Let all be Liars, and him be true !
We shall be well at last.

CLIII.

Faith and Repentance.

COME, ye Christians, sing the praises
Of your condescending God ;
Come, and hymn the holy Jesus,
Who hath wash'd us in his blood,

We

We are poor, and weak, and silly,
 And to ev'ry evil prone;
 Yet our Jesus loves us freely,
 And receives us for his own.

- 2 Tho' we're mean in man's opinion,
 He hath made us priests and kings.
 Pow'r and glory, and dominion
 To the Lamb the sinner sings,
 Leprous souls, unsound and filthy,
 Come before him as you are:
 'Tis the sick man, not the healthy,
 Needs the good physician's care.

- 3 Here the terms that never vary;
 "To repent and to believe."
 Both of these are necessary;
 Both from Jesus we receive.
 Would be Christian, duly ponder
 These in thine impartial mind:
 And let no man put asunder.
 What the Lord hath wisely join'd.

- 4 Oh! beware of fondly thinking
 God accepts thee for thy tears.
 Are the shipwreck'd sav'd by sinking?
 Can the ruin'd rise by fears?
 Oh! beware of trust ill-grounded:
 'Tis but fancied faith at most,
 To be cur'd, and not be wounded:
 To be sav'd before you're lost.

No big words of ready talkers,
 No dry doctrines will suffice.
 Broken hearts, and humble walkers,
 These are dear in Jesu's eyes.
 Ringling sounds of disputation,
 Naked knowledge all are vain :
 Ev'ry soul, that gains salvation,
 Must and shall be born again.

CLIV.

Short Metre.

Pride.

[INNUMERABLE foes

Attack the child of God.
 He feels within the weight of sin,
 A grievous galling, load.

Temptations too without,
 Of various kinds, assault.
 Sly snares beset his trav'ling feet,
 And make him often halt.

From sinner, and from saint,
 He meets with many a blow ;
 His own bad heart creates him smart,
 Which only God can know.

But tho' the host of hell
 Be neither weak nor small :
 One mighty foe deals dang'rous woe,
 And hurts beyond them all.

- 5 'Tis pride, accursed pride:
That Spirit by God abhorr'd:
Do what we will it haunts us stil;
And keeps us from the Lord.
- 6 It blows its pois'nous breath,
And bloats the soul with air;
The heart up-lifts with God's own gifts,
And makes even grace a snare.
- 7 Awake—nay while we sleep;
In all we think or speak,
It puffs us glad, torments us sad;
Its hold we cannot break.
- 8 In other ills we find
The hand of heav'n not slack:
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our comforts back.
- 9 'Tis hurtful, when perceiv'd:
When not perceiv'd, 'tis worse.
Unseen or seen it dwells within;
And works by fraud or force.
- 10 Against its influence pray,
It mingles with the pray'r;
Against it preach, it prompts the speech;
Be silent, still 'tis there.
- 11 This moment, while I write,
I feel its pow'r within;

My heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.

Thou meek and lowly lamb,
This haughty tyrant kill;
That wounded thee, tho' thou wast fr
And grieves thy spirit still. ce,

Our condescending God,
(To whom else shall we go?)
Remove our pride, whate'er betide,
And lay and keep us low.

Thy garden is the place,
Where pride cannot intrude:
Nor should it dare to enter there,
Twould soon be drown'd in blood,

CLV.

Short metre.

The Prodigal.

NOW for a wond'rous song.

(Keep distance, ye profance;
Be silent each unhallow'd tongue;
Nor turn the truth to bane.)

he prodigal's return'd,
Th' apostate bold and base;
That all his Father's counsels spurn'd,
And long abus'd his grace,

3 What

- 3 What treatment since he came ?
Love tenderly exprest.
What robe is brought to hide his shame
The best ; the very best.
- 4 Rich food the servants bring ;
Sweet music charms his ears ;
See what a beauteous costly ring
The beggar's finger wears !
- 5 Ye elder sons, be still ;
Give no bad passion vent :
My brethren, 'tis our Father's will,
And you must be content.
- 6 All that he has is yours :
Rejoice then, not repine,
That love that all your states secures,
That love has alter'd mine.
- 7 Good God, are these thy ways !
If rebels thus are freed ;
And favour'd with peculiar grace,
Grace must be free indeed,

CLVI.

Common Metre.

*Who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness
and sanctification, and redemption. 1 Cor. i.*

- 1 BELIEVERS own they are but blind
They know themselves unwise :

But wisdom in the Lord they find ;
Who opens all their eyes.

Unrighteous are they all, when tried :
But God himself declares,
In *Jesus* they are justified ;
His righteousness is theirs.

That we're unholy needs no proof
We sorely feel the fall :
But *Christ* has holiness enough
To *sanctify* us all.

Expos'd by sin to God's just wrath,
We look to *Christ*, and view,
Redemption in his blood by faith,
And *full* redemption too.

Some this, some that good virtue teach,
To rectify the soul :
But we first after *Jesus* reach,
And richly grasp the whole.

To *Jesus* join'd we all that's good
From him our head derive ;
We eat his flesh, and drink his blood ;
And *by* and *in* him live.

CLVII.

Common Metre.

And the Lord shut him in. Gen. vii. 16.

- 1 **W**HEN *Noah*, with his favour'd few,
Was order'd to embark;
Eight human souls a little crew,
Enter'd on board his ark.
- 2 Tho' ev'ry part he might secure,
With bar, or bolt, or pin;
To make the preservation sure,
Jehovah shut him in.
- 3 The waters then might swell their tides,
The billows rage and roar:
They could not stave th' assaulted sides,
Nor burst the batter'd door.
- 4 So souls, that into *Christ* believe,
Quicken'd by vital faith,
Eternal life at once receive,
And never shall see death.
- 5 In his own heart the *Christian* puts
No trust; but builds his hopes
On him that opes, and no man shuts;
And shuts, and no man opes.
- 6 In *Christ* his ark he safely rides,
Not wreck'd by death nor sin.

How
Th

1

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How

How is it he so fast abides ?
The Lord has shut him in.

CLVIII.

Free Grace.

- 1 YE children of God,
By faith in his Son
Redeem'd by his blood,
And with him made one.
This union with wonder
And rapture be seen ;
Which nothing shall funder
Without or within.
- 2 This pardon, this peace
Which none can destroy,
This treasure of grace,
This heavenly joy,
The worthless may crave it,
It always comes free :
The vilest may have it,
'Twas given to *Me*.
- 3 'Tis not for good deeds,
Good tempers nor frames ;
From grace it proceeds.
And all is the Lamb's.
No goodness, no fitness
Expects he from us :

Q 2

This

This I can well witness :
For none could be worse.

- 4 Sick sinner expect
No balm, but Christ's blood :
Thy own works reject,
The bad and the good,
None ever miscarry
That on him rely,
Tho' filthy as *Mary**,
Manasseh, or I.

* Mary Magdalene.

CLIX.

In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and uncleanness. Zech, xiii, 1.

- 1 THE fountain of Christ
Assist me to sing,
The blood of our priest,
Our crucify'd king ;
Which perfectly cleanses
From sin, and from filth ;
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health.
- 2 This fountain so dear,
He'll freely impart ;
Unlock'd by the spear,
It gush'd from his heart.

With blood, and with water,
The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter ;
The fountain's but one.

3 This fountain is such
(As thousands can tell)
The moment we touch
Its streams, we are well.
All waters beside them
Are full of the curse ;
For all that have try'd them
Swell, rot, and grow worse.

4 This fountain, sick soul,
Recovers thee quite ;
Bathe here, and be whole ;
Wash here, and be white :
Whatever diseases
Or dangers befall,
The fountain of *Jesus*
Will rid thee of all.

5 This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as as felt,
Infallible cure ;
But if guilt removed
Return, and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved
Again and again.

6 This fountain unfeal'd
 Stands open for all,
 That long to be heal'd,
 The great and the small :
 Here's strength for the weakly,
 That hither are led :
 Here's health for the sickly ;
 Here's life for the dead.

7 This fountain, tho' rich,
 From charge is quite clear ;
 The poorer the wretch
 The welcomer here.
 Come needy, come guilty,
 Come loathsome and bare ;
 You can't come too filthy—
 Come just as you are.

8 This fountain in vain
 Has never been try'd ;
 It takes out all stain
 Whene'er apply'd :
 The water flows sweetly
 With virtue divine,
 To cleanse souls completely
 Tho' leprous as mine.

CLX.

Short metre.

in the way, and the truth, and the life. John xiv. 6.

I Am, faith *Christ, the way*,
 Now if we credit *him*,
 All other paths must lead astray,
 How fair soe'er they seem.

I am, faith *Christ, the truth*.
 Then all that lacks this test,
 Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
 Is but a lie at best.

I am, faith *Christ, the life*,
 Let this be seen by faith,
 It follows without further strife,
 That all besides is death.

If what those words aver,
 The Holy Ghost apply ;
 The simplest *Christian* shall not err,
 Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.

CLXI.

Common metre.

*For the law was given by Moses, but grace and
 truth came by Jesus Christ. John i. 17.*

IS then the law of God untrue,
 Which he by *Moses* gave?

No

No : but to take it in this view,
That it has pow'r to save.

2 Legal obedience were complete,
Could we the law fulfil :
But no man ever did so yet ;
And no man ever will.

3 The law was never meant to give
New strength to man's lost race.
We cannot act before we live ;
And life proceeds from grace.

4 But grace and truth by *Christ* are giv'n,
To him must *Moses* bow.
Grace fits the new-born soul for heav'n,
And truth informs us how.

5 By *Christ* we enter into rest ;
And triumph o'er the fall.
Whoe'er would be completely blest.
Must trust to *Christ* for all.

CLXII.

Let God be true, but every man a liar. Rom. iii. 4

1 THE God I trust.
Is true and just ;
His mercy hath no end.
Himself hath said,
My ransom's paid :
And I on him depend.

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2 Then why so sad,
My soul? Though bad,
Thou hast a friend that's good,
He bought thee dear :
(Abandon fear)
He bought thee with his blood.

3 So rich a cost
Can ne'er be lost,
Though faith be tri'd by fire.
Keep *Christ* in view :
Let God be true,
And ev'ry man a liar.

CLXIII.

For thine is the kingdom, &c. Matt. vi. 13.

YE souls that are weak,
And helpless, and poor,
Who know not to speak ;
Much less to do more ;
Lo ! here's a foundation
For comfort and peace.
In *Christ* is salvation :
The kingdom is his.

With power he rules ;
And wonders performs ;
Gives conduct to fools,
And courage to worms,

Beset by fore evils
 Without, and within,
 By legions of devils,
 And mountains of sin.

3 Then be not afraid ;
 All power is giv'n
 To *Jesus* our head,
 In earth, and in heav'n.
 Thro' him we shall conquer
 The mightiest foes :
 Our Captain is stronger
 Than all that oppose.

3 His pow'r from above
 He'll kindly impart ;
 So free is his love,
 So tender his heart.
 Redeem'd with his merit,
 We're wash'd in his blood ;
 Renew'd by his Spirit.
 We've power with God.

5 Thy grace we adore,
 Director divine,
 The kingdom, and pow'r,
 And glory are thine.
 Preserve us from running
 On rocks or on shelves ;
 From foes strong and cunning ;
 And most from ourselves.

Reign o'er us as king;
 Accomplish thy will:
 And pow'rfully bring
 Us forth from all ill;
 Till falling before thee
 We laud thy lov'd name,
 Ascribing the glory
 To God, and the Lamb.

CLXIV.

Common Metre.

For he shall not speak of himself. John xvi. 13.

WHATEVER prompts the soul to pride,
 Or gives us room to boast,
 Except in *Jesus* crucified)
 Is not the Holy Ghost.

That blessed Spir't omits to speak
 Of what himself has done;
 And bids th' enlighten'd sinner seek
 Salvation in the Son.

He seldom moves a man to say,
 "Thank God, I'm made so good."
 But turns his eye another way,
 To *Jesus*, and his blood.

Great are the graces he confers
 But all in *Jesu's* name.

He gladly dictates, gladly hears,
" Salvation to the Lamb."

CLXV.

Short Metre.

- 1 **W**HEN thro' the desert vast
 The chosen tribe were led,
 They could not plow, nor till, nor sow
 Yet never wanted bread.
- 2 Around their wand'ring camp
 The copious manna fell :
 Strew'd on the ground, a food they found
 But what, they could not tell.
- 3 But better bread by far
 Is now to *Christians* giv'n ;
 Poor sinners eat immortal meat,
 The living bread from heav'n.
- 4 We eat the flesh of Christ ;
 Who is the bread of God.
 Their food was coarse, compar'd with ours
 Tho' theirs was angels food.

CLXVI.

- 1 **W**HAT creatures beside
 Are favour'd like us ?

Forgive

Forgiven, supply'd,
 And banquetted thus.
 By God our good father :
 Who gave us his son ;
 And sent him to gather
 His children in one ?

Salvation's of God,
 Th' effect of free grace
 Upon us bestow'd
 Before the world was.
 God from everlasting
 Be blest ; and again
 Blest to everlasting,
 Amen, and Amen.

H Y M N S

FROM

JOHN RIPPON'S
COLLECTION.

CLXVII.

Common Metre.

The excellency and sufficiency of the holy Scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word.
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a free repast,

Sublime

Sublimer sweets than nature knows
 Invite the longing taste.

Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;
 And life, and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight ;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light !

Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near,
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my *Saviour there*.

CLXVIII.

Common Metre.

The gospel worthy of all acceptance. 1 Tim. i. 15.

JESUS, th' eternal son of God,
 Whom seraphim obey,
 The bosom of the Father leaves,
 And enters human clay.

Into our sinful world he comes
 The messenger of grace,
 And on the bloody tree expires,
 A victim in our place.

R 2

3 Trans-

- 3 Transgressors of the deepest stain
In him salvation find :
His blood removes the foulest guilt,
His spirit heals the mind.
- 4 Our *Jesus* saves from sin and hell,
His words are true and sure,
And on this rock our faith may rest
Immoveably secure.
- 5 O let these tidings be receiv'd
With universal joy,
And let the high angelic praise
Our tuneful powers employ !
- 6 " Glory to God who gave his Son
" To bear our shame and pain :
" Hence peace on earth, and grace to me
" In endless blessings reign."

CLXIX.

Common Metre.

Complete Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION thro' our dying God,
Is finish'd and complete ;
He paid whate'er his people ow'd
And cancell'd all their debt.

2 Salvation

Salvation now shall be my stay,
 "A sinner sav'd," I'll cry;
 Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
 For better joys on high.

CLXX.

Common metre.

The incarnation of Christ. Luke ii. 14.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay;
 Joy, love and gratitude combine.
 To hail th' auspicious day.

In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Thro' all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tun'd the lyre.

Swift thro' the vast expanse it if flew,
 And loud the echo roll'd;
 The theme, the song, the joy was new,
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.

Down thro' the portals of the sky
 Th' impetuous torrent ran;
 And angels flew with eager joy
 To bear the news to man.

[Wrapt in the silence of the night
 Lay all the eastern world,

R 3

When

When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
The wond'rous scene unfurl'd.]

6 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song :
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.

7 [O for a glance of heavenly love
Our hearts and songs to raise ;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays !

8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
" Glory to God on high ;
" Good-will and peace are now complete,
" Jesus was born to die."

9 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail !
Redeemer, brother, friend !
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

CLXXI.

Long Metre.

Christ's Ascension. Psalm xxiv. 7.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay.
“Lift up your heads, ye heav’nly gates
“Ye Everlasting doors, give way !

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the king of glory in.

“Who is the king of glory, who ?”
The Lord that all his foes o’ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew,
And *Jesus* is the conqueror’s name.

Lo ! his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
“Lift up your heads, ye heav’nly gates ?
“Ye everlasting doors, give way !”

“Who is the king of glory, who ?”
The Lord of boundless pow’r posselt,
The king of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest !

CLXXII.

Long Metre.

The intercession of Christ. Heb. vii. 25.

HE lives, the great Redeemer’s lives,
(What joy the blest assurance gives !

And

And now before his Father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd with frowns appears ;
But in the *Saviour's* lovely face.
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts
Above our fears, above our faults
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power ;
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That *Jesus* bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great advocate, almighty friend—
On him our humble hopes depend :
Our cause can never, never fail,
For *Jesus* pleads, and must prevail.

CLXXIII.

Common metre.

The Spiritual Coronation. Cant. iii. 11.

Angels.

- 1 **A**LL-hail the pow'r of *Jesus'* name!
Let angels prostrate fall :

Bring

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Hail
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On

Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Martyrs.

[Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.]

Converted Jews.

[Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.]

Believing Gentiles.

[Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.]

Sinners of every age.

[Babes, men, and fires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now joy with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.]

Sinners of every nation.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe
On this terrestrial ball,

To

To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ourselves.

- 7 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

CLXXIV.

Long Metre.

The Ransom. Isaiah lxi. 2.

- 1 " I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
" A year of freedom to declare,
" From debts and bondage to discharge,
" And Jews and Greeks the grace shall
share :
- 2 " A day of vengeance I proclaim,
" But not on man the storm shall fall.
" On me its thunders shall descend,
" My strength, my love sustain them all
- 3 Stupendous favour ! matchless grace !
Jesus has dy'd that we might live ;
Not worlds below, nor worlds above
Could so divine a ransom give.
- 4 To him, who lov'd our ruin'd race
And for our lives laid down his own,

Let songs of joyful praises rise,
 Sublime, eternal as his throne.

CLXXV.

Long Metre.

Christ exalted to be a Prince and Saviour to give repentance. Acts, v. 31.

EXALTED Prince of Life, we own
 The royal honours of thy throne;
 'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
 And seraphs bow at thy command.

Exalted Saviour, we confess
 The sov'reign triumphs of thy grace;
 Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
 And temper majesty divine.

Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
 Till all thine enemies obey:
 Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
 And conquer millions by its love!

Mighty to vanquish, and forgive,
 Thine Israel shall repent and live;
 And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
 Which works their life, who wrought thy
 death.

CLXXVI.

CLXXVI.

Long Metre.

—Exhortation to prayer:

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances meet,
In coming to a mercy-feat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the *Christian's* armour bright
And *Satan* trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While *Moses* stood with arms spread wide
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words, ah, think again,
Words flows apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,

Y

Your cheerful song would often be,
 "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

CLXXVII.

Long Metre.

Thy kingdom come. Matt. vi. 10.

ASCEND thy throne, Almighty king,
 And spread thy glories all abroad ;
 Let thine own arm salvation bring,
 And be thou known the gracious God.

Let millions bow before thy feat,
 Let humble mourners seek thy face,
 Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
 Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.

O let the kingdoms of the world
 Become the kingdoms of the Lord ;
 Let Saints, and angels praise thy name,
 Be thou thro' heaven and earth ador'd.

CLXXVIII.

Long Metre.

The spread of the Gospel. Matt. vi. 10.

TO distant lands thy gospel send,
 And thus thy empire wide extend :
 To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
 Thou King of Grace ! salvation shew.
 S 2 Where'er

- 2 Where'er thy sun, or light arise,
Thy name, O God immortalize;
May nations yet unborn confess,
Thy wisdom, power and righteousness.

CLXXIX.

- 1 **TO** Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow!

CLXXX.

Common Metre.

The increase of the Church promised and pleaded.
Psalm ii. 8.

- 1 **FATHER**, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son.
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?
- 2 " Ask, and I give the heathen lands
" For thine inheritance,
" And to the world's remotest shores
" Thine empire shall advance."
- 3 Hast thou not said the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;

While

While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne ?

4 [When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our *Immanuel's* feet,
And learn and feel his grace ?

5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongues,
Under th' expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exemption given ?

6 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd !
Europe, with all thy millions, shout,
Hosannahs to the Lord !

7 Asia and Africa resound,
From shore to shore his fame ;
And thou, America, in songs,
Redeeming love proclaim !

CLXXXI.

Common Metre.

The wonders of Redemption.

1 **AND** did the holy and just,
The sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise ?

S 2

2 Yes,

- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy ! love unknown !)
To suffer, bleed and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead ;
For man, (O miracle of grace !)
For man the *Saviour* bled !
- 4 Dear Lord what heav'nly wonders dwell,
In thy atoning blood ?
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 *Jesus*, my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free ;
And may I hope that love extends
Its sacred power to me ?
- 6 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine ?
O take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

CLXXXII.

Common Metre.
Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song !
O may his love (immortal flame !)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach ?
What mortal tongue display ?

Imagi

Imagination's utmost stretch ?
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die !
Was ever love like this ?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee ;
May every heart with rapture say,
" The Saviour dy'd for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue ;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

CLXXXIII.

Common Metre.

Submission under bereaving Providences. Psalm xlv. 10.

1 **P**EACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death ;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'Tis he, the potentate supreme
Of all the world's above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule ;
Nor from their purpose move.

S 3

3 Glory

- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Our covenant God and father he,
In Christ our bleeding Lord;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.
- 5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow;
And shall rebellious passions rise,
When he corrects us now?
- 6 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

HYMN;

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By JOHN BARCLAY.

CLXXXIV.

Common Metre.

Christ's Love passing knowledge. Ephes. iii. 18.

How long ! how broad ! how deep ! how

Like God, the gift he gave ! [high

His Son of love for sin to die,

The heirs of hell to save !

Love bolted earthly paradise,

Love open'd heaven's door ;

Love gave us life thro' righteousness,

All-pure, as God is pure.

Tho' we in ev'ry thing offend,

The perfect faithful one

Doth in his holy beauties stand

Eternal God and man :

His blood is our atonement dear ;

Love centers in his heart ;

Our names are all engraven there

By sov'reign Wisdom's art.

3 As

3 As on the grafs distils the dew,
Nor waits the will of man ;
So God to us his love did shew,
When we nor will'd, nor ran :
As rivers from the ocean go,
And to the ocean run,
Blessing the vales thro' which they flow
Till all their course be done :

4 So pure unfeigned love doth flow,
All free to us from God :
Let us love all our brethren so ;
For love is our abode.
Begone, ye filthy lusts below !
Hail to the joys above !
Eternal hallelujahs to
Our God ! Our God is love !

CLXXXV.

Common Metre.

The Lord's prayer.

1 **O**UR Father, Lord, and God, and ki
Who reignest over all,
O'ershade thy children with thy wing,
And hear us when we call :
O hallow'd be thy holy name,
And hallow'd be thy praise ;
Thy praise alone be all our theme,
And service, all our days !

Thy kingdom promis'd in the hour
 Appointed by thy love,
 The kingdom of thy grace and pow'r,
 Come quickly from above :
 Thou sayest, Behold, I quickly come ;
 Come, even so, Amen ;
 And take us to thy glory home,
 That we with thee may reign.

Thy will, in all the world around,
 As it in heav'n is done,
 Be done by us as we are bound,
 In name of God the Son :
 Give day by day whate'er we need,
 According to thy will ;
 Thou, Father, wilt thy fam'ly feed,
 With due provision still.

Forgive our daily sins, we pray !
 Forgiveness still we need ;
 For tho' our guilt is wash'd away,
 And justice hath us freed,
 Alas ! our daily trespasses,
 While we on earth sojourn,
 O God, against thy love transgress ;
 For which, asham'd, we mourn !

That merey we've obtain'd of thee,
 (For thou, O God, art love ;)
 So full ! so pure ! so sov'reign ! free !
 Shall us for ever move

Our

Our brethren freely to remit
 The fifty pence they owe ;
 As thou forgave us all that debt,
 That we might now do so.

6 Deliver, Lord, from ills around ;
 From all temptations free ;
 And let thy mercy more abound,
 As we in danger be ;
 We only plead thy promise, Lord,
 And glory in thy love,
 Assur'd, according to thy word,
 Thou wilt our Father prove.

7 Behold, the kingdom, glory, pow'r,
 Are thine for ever more ;
 Thou, in thine own decisive hour,
 Wilt all things new restore :
 In confidence of love divine,
 Thou, *One eternal Three*.
 In one Amen we all combine :
 O Abba, Father, see !

HYMN

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BY RALPH ERSKINE.

CLXXXVI.

Common Metre.

His saving benefits.

LO! in this mount the Lord of hosts

A banquet shall prepare,
For all that tread on Zion's coasts,
And people ev'ry where.

He'll with fat things and wines suffice,
Fat things of marrow full,
Wines well refin'd, from off the lees,
To glad and cheer the dull.

And in this mount he'll raise the vail,
The face o'er-covering shade,
Of darkness cast o'er people all,
And o'er all nations spread.

He'll swallow up, in victory,
Grim death, the king of fears ;

From faces all the Lord most high
Will wipe away the tears :

- 5 What base contempt, and vile reproach,
Were on his people laid,
From off the earth he'll quite dispatch ;
For so the Lord hath said.

CLXXXVII.

Common metre.

*Christ's Commission opened, which he received from
the Father ; and the joyful singing with which
the glad tidings thereof should be received.*

Isa. xlii, 5—12.

- 1 **T**HUS says the Lord of heav'n and earth
That stretched out the skies,
And all his tribes of earthly birth,
With life and breath supplies.
- 2 In right, to thee my call I grant,
And thee support will I ;
I'll give thee for a covenant
To people far and nigh ;
- 3 T' illuminate, with saving light,
The eyes of Gentiles blind ;
To rend the clouds that them benight,
And prisoners unbind.

I, who thee authorize, declare,
 That I *Jehovah* am ;
 My praise no idol god shall share ;
 Thou only bear'st my name.

Lo ! all my promises of old
 Men now accomplish'd see ;
 And future things a new-foretold
 Shall be fulfill'd in thee.

Let all the earth, then, to the Lord,
 Sing, glad, an anthem new ;
 The Gentile race with one accord,
 In consort with the Jew.

Th' inhabitants of rocks and isles,
 Of wilds and cities fair,
 Of Kedar huts and naked hills,
 And singers ev'ry where :

Let them *Jehovah's* glory raise,
 In elevated stiles ;
 And celebrate his highest praise
 In earth's remotest isles.

CLXXXVIII.

Common metre.

Salvation in Christ alone. Isa. xlv. 21, 22.

TH' Eternal Son of God proclaims,
 His God-head from above ;

T

Mercy

Mercy and justice are my names,
The fair enam'ling love.

- 2 Lift up your eyes, ye mankind lost,
And look to me alone ;
I'm God the Saviour, God the just ;
Beside me there is none.
- 3 Look from the earth's remotest ends,
By faith, and be ye fav'd :
My grace, that call'd the Jews, extends
To Gentile lands enslav'd.
- 4 Where'er you are, by land or sea,
At home, or far abroad,
Look not to idols vain, but me
The omnipresent God.
- 5 In me you'll find salvation sure
From sin, and death, and hell ;
And life more happy and secure,
Than 'twas before you fell.

CLXXXIX.

Common Metre.

*Christ's nativity celebrated; or, the first good news
our Saviour's birth, by an angel to the Shepherds
Bethlehem; together with the song of a number
company of angels thereupon. Luke ii. 8,—14.*

- 1 WHILE shepherds watch'd, in Bethle'm
An angel bright appear'd ;

[field
I hear

Heav'n's glory round them was reveal'd,
At which they greatly fear'd :

- 2 Fear not at all, said he ; for, lo !
I bring with sweet solace,
Good tidings of great joy to you,
And all the human race.
- 3 To you is born this day and date,
In David's little town,
A *Saviour*, the *Messiah* great,
The Lord of high renown.
- 4 And this to you shall be the sign,
You'll find the babe array'd,
And wrapt in swaddling cloths, but mean,
And in a manger laid.
- 5 Straightway with th' angel join'd aloud
A num'rous shining throng
Of heav'nly harpers praising God
In this melodious song.
- 6 " All glory, in the highest heav'ns,
" To God be render'd still ;
" For peace on earth benignly giv'n,
" And towards men good-will.

CXC.

Common Metre.

The gospel Feast, and the price of it.

Luke xvi, 16,—24. 1 Pet. iii. 18.

- 1 **THY** gospel-table's furnish'd, Lord,
With plenty from above;
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with love.
- 2 Thy antient family, the Jews,
Was first call'd to the feast;
We Gentiles take what they refuse,
And glad the banquet taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
Made up of wounds and wants;
But at thy call, we come to claim
Supplies thy mercy grants.
- 4 What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left his high abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us back to God?
- 5 To save our souls, and buy our lives,
It cost him ev'n his own:
He bought the unknown joys he gives
With agonies unknown.

- 6 Our endless love to him is due,
That ransom'd sinners lost,
And pity'd rebels, though he knew
What pains his love would cost.

CXCI.

Common Metre.

*Christ present to faith upon the gospel-table, and in
the sacrament Supper. John vi. 35. Luke
xxii, 19.*

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where now we see him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust him from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Forgetful of his face ;
And to refresh our minds he gave
Memorials of his grace.
- 3 He oft the gospel-table spreads
With his own flesh and blood ;
Faith on the rich provision feeds,
And tastes the love of God.
- 4 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare a place,
Where we may dwell in heav'nly light,
For ever, near his face.

T 3

CXCIV.

CXCII.

Common Metre.

Justification by faith alone in Christ's righteousness. Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.

1 LORD, thro' thy grace, I'll boast no
 In duties I have done; [more
 I quit the hopes I held before;
 And only trust thy Son.

2 What was my gain, I for his name,
 Do now account my loss:
 My former glory is my shame,
 I nail it to his cross.

3 Yea, doubtless, I all things esteem
 But loss for *Jesus'* sake,
 That so I may, while found in him,
 His righteousness partake.

4 The choicest service of my hands,
 Dares not to face thy throne;
 But faith to answer thy demands,
 Can plead what Christ has done.

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D

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How
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I com
Jesus

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[iv]

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My Saviour for me bled
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Mercy is welcome news indeed
Mortals awake with angels join

N

Not unto wrath did God ordain
Nations unite your songs
Now we are met from diff'rent parts
No more my God, I boast no more
Now for a wond'rous song

O

O love what a secret to mortals thou art
Our glorious Lord is ris'n indeed
O Christ O love divine
O shall we pine away
Oh shall we treat the Saviour thus
O all loving lamb
O all ye nations praise the Lord
O for an overcoming faith
Our Lord is ris'n from the dead
Our Father Lord and God and King

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Peace 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand

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Rejoice
Redeem
See
Shout
Sing
Shall
See
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